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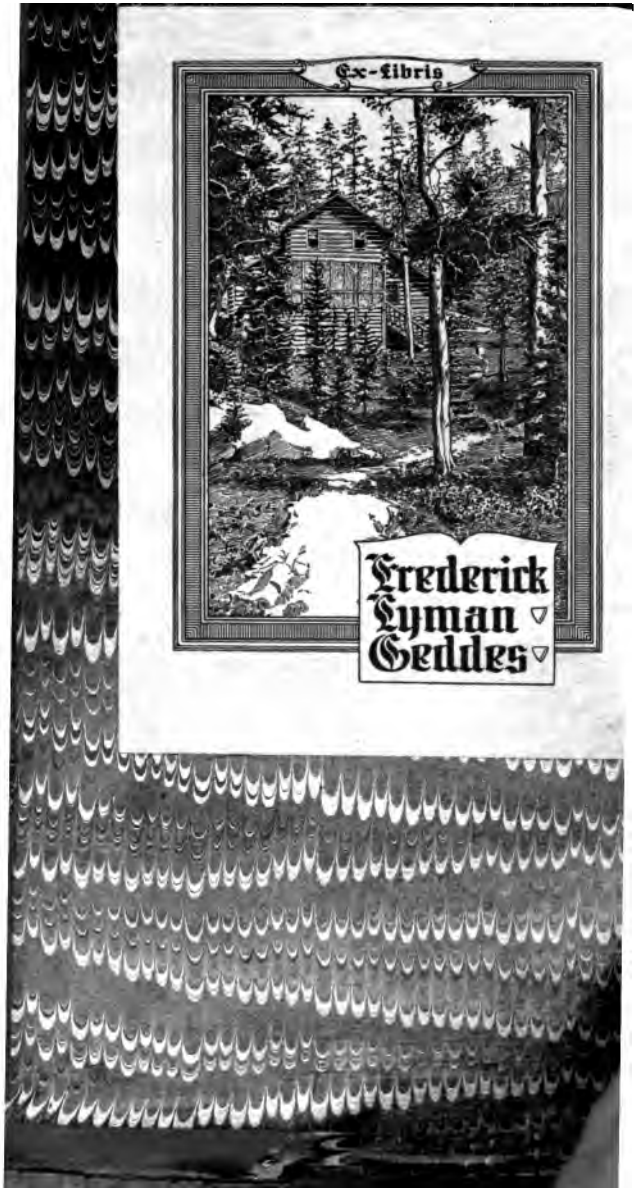
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THE WORKS

OF

Felicia Dorothea (Browne)

MRS HEMANS;

WITH

A MEMOIR OF HER LIFE,

BY

HER SISTER.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
M.DCCC.LVII.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS

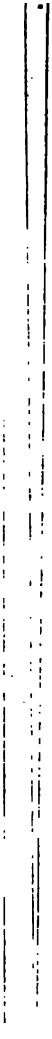
NATIONAL LYRICS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

FELICIA HEMANS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVII



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SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

They tell but dreams—a lonely spirit's dreams;
Yet ever through their fleeting imagery
Wanders a vein of melancholy love,
An aimless thought of home; as in the song
Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells
A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,
And living streams—far off!

A SPIRIT'S RETURN.

"This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality!"

MANFRED.

THY voice prevails—dear friend, my gentle friend!
This long-shut heart for thee shall be unseal'd,
And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend
Over the troubled stream, yet once reveal'd
Shall its freed waters flow; then rocks must close
For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie;

Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
Is mingled into harmony profound;
Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind
Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,
The trembling reeds and fountains—our own dell,
With its green dimness and Æolian breath,
Shall suit th' unveiling of dark records well—
Hear me in tenderness and silent faith!

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal morn—
I would thou hadst!—for then my heart on thine
Had pour'd a worthier love; now, all o'erworn
By its deep thirst for something too divine,
It hath but fitful music to bestow,
Echoes of harp-strings broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,
As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam;
For me the silver cords of brotherhood
Were early loosed; the voices from my home
Pass'd one by one, and melody and mirth
Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burn'd
For the deep sympathies of mind, I turn'd
From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought
In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught
In every still small voice and sound of power,
And flute-note of the wind through cave and b
A perilous delight!—for then first woke
My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest

Of secret knowledge ; and each tone that broke
From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,
Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
But minister'd to that strange inborn fire.

'Midst the bright silence of the mountain dells,
In noontide hours or golden summer-eves,
My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells
Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves
Shakes out response. O thou rich world unseen !
Thou curtain'd realm of spirits !—thus my cry
Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie
Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
Shut from us ever ? The resounding woods,
Do their depths teem with marvels ?—and the floods,
And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
Have they bright dwellers ?—are their lone domains
Peopled with beauty, which may never still
Our weary thirst of soul ? Cold, weak and cold,
Is earth's vain language, piercing not one fold
Of our deep being ! Oh, for gifts more high !
For a seer's glance to rend mortality !
For a charm'd rod, to call from each dark shrine
The oracles divine !

I woke from those high fantasies, to know
My kindred with the earth—I woke to love :
O gentle friend ! to love in doubt and woe,
Shutting the heart the worshipp'd name above,
Is to love deeply—and *my* spirit's dower
Was a sad gift, a melancholy power

Of so adoring—with a buried care,
And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,
And with a deepening dream, that day by day,
In the still shadow of its lonely sway,
Folded me closer, till the world held nought
Save the *one* being to my centred thought.
There was no music but his voice to hear,
No joy but such as with *his* step drew near;
Light was but where he look'd—life where he moved
Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
Oh! but such love is fearful!—and I knew
Its gathering doom: the soul's prophetic sight
Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,
Too sorrowfully clear!—an under-tone
Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
Whispering of grief. Of grief?—be strong, awake!
Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul?
Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake
Death's fastnesses?—a magic to control
Worlds far removed?—from o'er the grave to thee
Love hath made answer; and *thy* tale should be
Sung like a lay of triumph! Now return,
And take thy treasure from its bosom'd urn,
And lift it once to light!

In fear, in pain,
I said I loved—but yet a heavenly strain
Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,
A joy flashed through the trouble of my dream!
I knew myself beloved!—we breathed no vow,
No mingling visions might our fate allow,

As unto happy hearts; but still and deep,
Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
So did my soul that costly knowledge keep
So jealously!—a thing o'er which to shed,
When stars alone beheld the drooping head,
Lone tears! yet ofttimes burden'd with the excess
Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But, oh! sweet friend! we dream not of love's might
Till death has robed with soft and solemn light
The image we enshrine!—Before *that* hour,
We have but glimpses of the o'ermastering power
Within us laid!—*then* doth the spirit-flame
With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame;
The wings of that which pants to follow fast
Shake their clay-bars, as with a prison'd blast—
The sea is in our souls!

He died—*he* died
On whom my lone devotedness was cast!
I might not keep one vigil by his side,
I, whose wrung heart watch'd with him to the last!
I might not once his fainting head sustain,
Nor bathe his parch'd lips in the hour of pain,
Nor say to him "Farewell!" He pass'd away—
Oh! had *my* love been there, its conquering sway
Had won him back from death!—but thus removed,
Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,
Join'd with the unknown, the viewless—he became
Unto my thoughts another, yet the same—

Changed—hallow'd—glorified!—and his low grave
Seem'd a bright mournful altar—mine, all mine:—
Brother and friend soon left me *that* sole shrine,
The birthright of the faithful!—*their* world's wave
Soon swept them from its brink. Oh! deem thou not
That on the sad and consecrated spot
My soul grew weak! I tell thee that a power
There kindled heart and lip—a fiery shower
My words were made—a might was given to prayer,
And a strong grasp to passionate despair,
And a dread triumph! Know'st thou what I sought?
For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought?
—Communion with the dead!—I sent a cry
Through the veil'd empires of eternity,
A voice to cleave them! By the mournful truth,
By the lost promise of my blighted youth,
By the strong chain a mighty love can bind
On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind;
By words, which in themselves are magic high,
Arm'd and inspired, and wing'd with agony;
By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem
To bear the heart's blood in their passion-stream;
I summon'd, I adjured—with quicken'd sense,
With the keen vigil of a life intense,
I watch'd, an answer from the winds to wring,
I listen'd, if perchance the stream might bring
Token from worlds afar: I taught *one* sound
Unto a thousand echoes—one profound
Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky—
One prayer to-night—"Awake, appear, reply!"

Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
The dark way never hath allow'd return?
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled—
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not!—there is a large lone star
Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,
And under its clear light there lies a spot
Which well might utter forth—Believe it not!

I sat beneath that planet—I had wept
My woe to stillness, every night-wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,
And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
Whereon I gazed unconsciously:—there came
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air;
And I look'd up! Oh! for strong words to bring
Conviction o'er thy thought! Before me there,
He, the departed, stood! Ay, face to face,
So near, and yet how far! His form, his mien,
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
Within:—Yet something awfully serene,
Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow, that wore
Of the once beating heart no token more;
And stillness on the lip—and o'er the hair
A gleam, that trembled through the breathless air;
And an unfathom'd calm, that seem'd to lie
In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye;

Told of the gulfs between our being set,
And, as that unsheath'd spirit-glance I met,
Made my soul faint:—with *fear?* Oh! *not* with fear
With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere
My love could be as nothing! But he spoke—
How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill
In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill
My bosom's infinite? O friend! I woke
Then first to heavenly life! Soft, solemn, clear,
Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,
Yet strangely seem'd as if the while they rose
From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose
Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells
Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells;
But, as they murmur'd on, the mortal chill
Pass'd from me, like a mist before the morn,
And, to that glorious intercourse upborne
By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,
Possess'd my frame: I sought that lighted eye—
From its intense and searching purity
I drank in *soul!*—I questioned of the dead—
Of the hush'd, starry shores their footsteps tread,
And I was answered. If remembrance there,
With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air;
If thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,
Be treasure in that pensive land to keep;
If love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast,
Find *there* the music of his home at last;
I ask'd, and I was answer'd. Full and high
Was that communion with eternity,
Too rich for aught so fleeting! Like a knell
Swept o'er my sense its closing words, "Farewell,

On earth we meet no more!" And all was gone—
The pale bright settled brow—the thrilling tone,
The still and shining eye! and never more
May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore
That radiant guest! One full-fraught hour of heaven,
To earthly passion's wild implorings given,
Was made my own—the ethereal fire hath shiver'd
The fragile censer in whose mould it quiver'd,
Brightly, consumingly! What now is left?
A faded world, of glory's hues bereft—
A void, a chain! I dwell 'midst throngs, apart,
In the cold silence of the stranger's heart;
A fix'd, immortal shadow stands between
My spirit and life's fast-receding scene;
A gift hath sever'd me from human ties,
A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
Which never may return: their chords are broken,
The music of another land hath spoken—
No after-sound is sweet! This weary thirst!
And I have heard celestial fountains burst!—
What *here* shall quench it?

Dost thou not rejoice,
When the spring sends forth an awakening voice
Through the young woods? Thou dost! And in
that birth
Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,
Thousands, like thee, find gladness! Couldst thou
know
How every breeze then summons *me* to go!
How all the light of love and beauty shed
By those rich hours, but woos me to the dead!

The *only* beautiful that change no more—
The only loved !—the dwellers on the shore
Of spring fulfill'd ! The dead !—*whom* call we so ?
They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
Things wrapt from us ! Away !—within me pent,
That which is barr'd from its own element
Still droops or struggles ! But the day *will* come—
Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets
The sea at last ; and the wing'd flower-seed meets
A soil to rest in : shall not *I*, too, be,
My spirit-love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?
Yes ! by the power whose conquering anguish stirr'd
The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,
Whose agony of triumph won thee back
Through the dim pass no mortal step may track,
Yet shall we meet !—that glimpse of joy divine
Proved thee for ever and for ever mine !

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

" Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace."

DONNE.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France ;
It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armour wore.
And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career—
And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory.
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she pray'd;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upraised to the Virgin's portray'd above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast,
That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part—

So knelt she in her woe;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust that stirr'd below!

Hark! a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan:
Is her lord return'd with his conquering bands!
No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
—"Hast thou been on the field?—Art thou come from the host?"
—"From the slaughter, lady!—All, all is lost!
Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe;
And thy lord," his voice took a sadder sound—
"Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom."

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd;
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance, as of sudden royalty:
The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,
And her young voice rose till the peasant shook
At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:
—"Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
Away! he is lying by lance and shield,—
Point me the path to his battle-field!"

The shadows of the forest
Are about the lady now;
She is hurrying through the midnight on,
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
The branches that rock to the tempest strife
Are groaning like things of troubled life;
The wind from the battle seems rushing by
With a funeral-march through the gloomy sky;
The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
When she reach'd the field of the warrior dead;
There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
Ay! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;
There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head
Mothers' vain blessings and tears had shed;
Sisters were watching in many a home
For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come;
Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;
And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine pour'd,
For those, now needing nor hearth nor board;
Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
And oh! ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compress'd,
Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,

Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye ;
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;
Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
Sudden and shrill from the mountains borne ;
And her maidens trembled ;—but on *her* ear
No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
They had less of mastery to shake her now,
Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen-bough.
She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
That look'd, without soul, to the starry sky ;
She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
Not there, not there he lay !
" Lead where the most hath been dared and done
Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on
And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red ;
Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents free
From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
And the broken shields were toss'd,
And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
And the mail-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there! the leader amidst his band
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand;
He was there! but affection's glance alone
The darkly-changed in that hour had known;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
And the face—oh! speak not of that dead face!
As it lay to answer love's look no more,
Yet never so proudly loved before!

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
The time was not yet for their waves to flow;
She felt the full presence, the might of death,
Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turn'd to his follower—"Your lord is there!
Look on him! know him by scarf and crest!—
Bear him away with his sires to rest!"

Another day, another night,
And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken andmuffled tone,
As if that rite were in terror done;
Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go;

With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead;
Sheath'd in armour of the field—
Only his wan face reveal'd,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,
For they dread each moment the shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend:
No sound comes back like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry;
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene to the last their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave;
She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now have way;
In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
By turns does the swift blood flush and fail;
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill;
Anguish and triumph are met at strife,
Rending the cords of her frail young life;
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice, as if death might hear.

"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
Faithful and tender! Oh! call me forth!
Give me my home on thy noble heart,—
Well have we loved, let us both depart!"—
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay;
The *living* cheek!—Oh! it was not vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one!—she might not stay
When the crown had fallen from her life away;
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone;
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

"Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie!"—MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE was music on the midnight:
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.

Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the minster gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently
'Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepp'd prince and chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! death! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail:

King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed—bear back the dead
Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
'Tis hush'd at last the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"O sanctissima, O purissima!
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis."
Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,
And by the star-light gleams,
Mother of sorrows! lo, I come to thee!

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie
All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early home,
Thou know'st the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul;—to thee I come!

Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;

Thou, too, couldst watch and weep—
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart oppress'd!

There is a wandering bark
Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave:
Oh! let thy soft eye mark
His course;—be with him, holiest, guide and save!

My soul is on that way;
My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim;
Through the long weary day
I walk, o'ershadow'd by vain dreams of him.

Aid him—and me, too, aid!
Oh! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!
On thy weak child is laid
The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is pour'd
My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part;
Too fearfully adored,
Oh! make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense
Of grief to be;—I hear a warning low—
Sweet mother! call me hence!
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known;
And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings; take back, take back thine own!

Hark! how the wind swept by!
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
Hope of the sailor's eye,
And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save!

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world unreach'd by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here of life and death?
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze—
Didst thou bear with thee to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze!
Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
Thrill'd through the tempest of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze:—oh, from that music flown,
Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless life,
But once, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep,
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep—
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet;
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair;—
Speak! if our souls in deathless yearnings meet;
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent:—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight—silent all, and lone!
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth!—Hear, pity, speak, mine own!
Answer me, answer me!

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

"For all his wildness and proud phantasies,
I love him!"

CROLY.

THY heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds;
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent-sounds;
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the Lauwine's * peal is heard—Hunter! thy heart is there!

* *Lauwine*, the avalanche.

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but better, better far,
Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine.

And I will leave my blessèd home, my father's joyous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee, all reckless as thou art!

With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow!
Mournful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou comest at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine—
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.*

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled;
On to th' ancestral wilderness
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
"Go, bring us back thine own!"

* An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians.—See TUDOR'S *Letters on the Eastern States of America.*

And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay;
Uncheer'd, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"
There was none!—pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and the joyous strain;
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still.

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children play'd
'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But, oh! the grey church-tower,
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the shelter'd garden-bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;

We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods!
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay, alone, before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to dwell,
In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, home and friends, farewell!"

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

"If I could see him, it were well with me."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein.*

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquish'd city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors fill'd the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed;
But their lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wail'd the dead.

* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

He look'd down from the fortress won, on the tents
and towers below,
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets—and a gloom
came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and
cymbal's tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more
utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city
of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in
thee?—
I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves
past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mourn-
ful to my soul.

"My brother! oh, my brother! thou art gone—
the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy
grave;
There are many round my throne to stand, and to
march where I lead on;
There was *one* to *love* me in the world—my brother!
thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's
wrath,
We stood together, side by side; one hope was ours
—one path;

Thou hast wrapp'd me in thy soldier's cloak, thou
hast fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watch'd beside my couch of pain—oh!
bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad
world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is
thine?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found
reply!—
Oh, brother! I have bought too dear this hollow
pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory
and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath
pass'd away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart
may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot
come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the
offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have
purchased cold renown;
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of
triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of
chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is even as death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath;
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother? where?—in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swell'd the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flow'd the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
"My brother! oh, my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!"

THE RETURN.

"HAST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
The free, the pure, the kind?"
So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain-wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love?"
Whisper'd my native streams:
"Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove,
Still revered its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answer'd—"O, ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades.

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright and happy streams!
Light after light, in my soul have died
The day-spring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd—
The prayer at my mother's knee;
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And oh! ye scenes of those blessed years,
They shall make me again your own."

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.*

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think—
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend, to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust."
Gertrude of Wyoming.

THY voice is in mine ear, beloved!
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain, though mighty, vain!

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved!
Thou see'st my life-blood flow.
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go!
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity!

* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Alas ! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain ;
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain.
Best, kindest, weep not : make the pang,
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love's excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore !
The voice that must be silent soon
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou may'st bear its blessing on
Through years of after life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender, and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew ;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Shower'd on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes !
A gladness ever new !

For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side!
And yet more for the glorious hope
Even to *these* moments given—
Did not *thy* spirit ever lift—
The trust of *mine* to Heaven?

Now be *thou* strong! Oh, knew we not
Our path must lead to this?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss!
We plighted our young hearts when storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task
To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyr'd blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood;
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love!
Ay, joyously endure!
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolate and pure;
There must our God be worshipp'd still
With the worship of the free:
Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in death,
One only—leaving thee!

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW.

"All my pretty ones!
Did you say all?
* * * * *
Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief!"
Macbeth.

My battle-vow!—no minster walls
Gave back the burning word,
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone
Of smother'd vengeance heard:
But the ashes of a ruin'd home
Thrill'd, as it sternly rose,
With the mingling voice of blood that shook
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
But where my children lay,
And the startled vulture at my step
Soar'd from their precious clay.

I stood amidst my dead alone—
I kiss'd their lips—I pour'd,
In the strong silence of that hour,
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering floor,
The blacken'd threshold-stone,
The bright hair torn, and soil'd with blood,
Whose fountain was my own;
These, and the everlasting hills,
Bore witness that wild night;
Before them rose th' avenger's soul,
In crush'd affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,
With keen looks would upbraid,
If from my heart the fiery vow,
Sear'd on it then, could fade.
They have no cause!—Go, ask the streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstain'd were borne—
How hath my faith been kept?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close,
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
They leave me no repose.
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the rocks,
And by the torrent's foam,
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,
Full, full of love and home!

Alas ! the mountain eagle's heart,
When wrong'd, may yet find rest ;
Scorning the place made desolate,
He seeks another nest.
But I—your soft looks wake the thirst
That wins no quenching rain ;
Ye drive me back, my beautiful !
To the stormy fight again.

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.*

"Thither where he lies buried !
That single spot is the whole world to me."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein.*

THY voice was in my soul ! it called me on ;
O my lost friend ! thy voice was in my soul :
From the cold, faded world whence thou art gone,
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
I come, I come !

Now speak to me again ! we loved so well—
We *loved !* oh ! still, I know that still we love !
I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
Through these dim aisles in dreams of *thee* to rove :
This is my home !

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's gloom !
Speak ! thou hast died, and sent me no farewell !

* See *Wallenstein,* Act 6th.

I will not shrink ; oh ! mighty is the tomb,
But one thing mightier, which it cannot quell,
This woman's heart !

This lone, full, fragile heart !—the strong alone
In love and grief—of both the burning shrine !
Thou, my soul's friend ! with grief hast surely done,
But with the love which made thy spirit mine,
Say, couldst thou part ?

I hear the rustling banners ; and I hear
The wind's low singing through the fretted stone ;
I hear not *thee ;* and yet I feel thee near—
What is this bound that keeps thee from thine own ?
Breathe it away !

I wait thee—I adjure thee ! hast thou known
How I have loved thee ? couldst thou dream it all ?
Am I not here, with night and death alone,
And fearing not ? and hath my spirit's call
O'er thine no sway ?

Thou *canst* not come ! or thus I should not weep !
Thy love is deathless—but no longer free !
Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
The viewless barrier, if such power might be,
Soon, soon, and fast !

But I shall come to thee ! our soul's deep dreams,
Our young affections, have not gush'd in vain ;
Soon in one tide shall blend the sever'd streams,
The worn heart break its bonds—and death and pain
Be with the past !

THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

" As are our hearts, our way is one,
And cannot be divided. Strong affection
Contends with all things and o'ercometh all things.
Will I not live with thee? will I not cheer thee?
Wouldst thou be lonely then? wouldst thou be sad?"
JOANNA BAILLIE.

" SISTER, sweet sister! let me weep awhile!
Bear with me—give the sudden passion way!
Thoughts of our own lost home, our sunny isle,
Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath sway;
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears:
Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!

" Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,
Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where?
Desolate, desolate our chambers lie!
How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair?
O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep;—
I sink away—bear with me—let me weep!"

" Yes! weep, my sister! weep, till from thy heart
The weight flow forth in tears! yet sink thou not;
I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one! our orphan lot
To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong—
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.

" A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead,—
These mantle me with power! and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,

Yet shall they light us onward, side by side ;
Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide?

"Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set
Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
An echo of our childhood's music gone ;—
Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high :
Our path is one—with thee I live and die!"

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, says the ancient chronicle, "Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel King, "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed
his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-impri-
son'd sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my
captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break
my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ran-
som'd man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet
him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on
his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a
glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader
in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very
truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so
long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his
cheek's blood came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and
there, dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his like lead,—
He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fix'd and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly
mournful brow,
" No more, there is no more," he said, " to lift the
sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh!
the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from
earth!

" I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire!
beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's
free soil had met,—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee
my fields were won,—
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though
thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized
the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier
train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing
war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before
the dead!

" Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's
hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me
what is this!

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give
answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep
down thine ire,
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is
not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my
blood was shed,—
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be moun-
tains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the
silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turn'd
from that sad place:
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in mar-
tial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills
of Spain.

THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS. *

> "To a mysteriously consorted pair
> This place is consecrate; to death and life,
> And to the best affections that proceed
> From this conjunction."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!
Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year,
Pluck'd on the bosom of the dead to wither;
Hopes from their source all holy, though of earth,
All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of Sabbath hours;
Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;
Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers;
And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting;—
But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence!
Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping!
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,

* At Hindlebank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus: —"Here am I, O God! with the child whom thou hast given me."

As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer! love calls thee, for the night is past:
Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking!
Captive! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking?
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, "God of earth and heaven!
Here am I, with the child whom thou hast given!"

THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

Cymbeline.

["I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along: the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,'

and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—FLINT'S *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*]

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom—
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung
In the slumberer's native tongue),
"Friend and brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be:
Long the exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain;
Music from thine own blue streams,
Wander'd through thy fever-dreams;
Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee 'midst the alien pines;
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swell'd the chant; and the deep wind's moan
Seem'd through the cedars to murmur—"*Gone!*"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine;
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies!
He that bless'd thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee play'd,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,

Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother! part ye more;
God hath call'd thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The *Fatherland!*"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourn'd and lost one found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine;
Yet to hope!—to hope in heaven,
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—
Yet to pray! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom;
They had reach'd the exile's lonely tomb.

THE DREAMING CHILD.

"Alas! what kind of grief should thy years know?
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy?
What should the cloud be made of?—blessed child!

Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild.

And now thou tremblest!—wherefore?—in *thy* soul
There lies no past, no future. Thou hast heard
No sound of presage from the distance roll,
Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone; thy mind's young eye
Hath look'd not into death's, and thence become
A questioner of mute eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quicken'd unto pain,
By feverish watching for some step beloved;
Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeful train,
Glancing like dew-drops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion toss'd,
How art thou wilder'd in the cave of sleep!
My gentle child! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,
Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep?

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
First gushings of the strong dark river's flow,
That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years,
Th' unfathomable flood of human woe!

Awful to watch, even rolling through a dream,
Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes!
Wake, wake! as yet *thy* life's transparent stream
Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,
Where now thy thoughts dismay'd and darkling rove;
Come to the kindly region all thine own,
The home, still bright for thee with guardian love.

Happy, fair child! that yet a mother's voice
Can win thee back from visionary strife!
Oh, shall *my* soul, thus waken'd to rejoice,
Start from the dream-like wilderness of life?

THE CHARMED PICTURE.*

"Oh! that those lips had language!—Life hath pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw thee last."
COWPER.

THINE eyes are charm'd—thine earnest eyes—
Thou image of the dead!
A spell within their sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined
A blessing seems to be,
And sometimes there my wayward mind
A still reproach can see:

And sometimes pity, soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear;
Even as if love in heaven could weep,
For grief left drooping here.

* See Frontispiece to vol. vii.

And oh, my spirit needs that balm!
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth!
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow praise
Hath made the weary pine
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine!

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free,
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain!—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee;
Better in childlike tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee!

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
Whence is thy power of change,
Thus ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange?

Whence are they charm'd—those earnest eyes?
I know the mystery well!
In mine own trembling bosom lies
The spirit of the spell!

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
Oh! change no longer, thou!

For ever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow!

PARTING WORDS.

"One struggle more, and I am free."
BYRON.

LEAVE me, oh! leave me!—unto all below
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell;
Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace!

Leave me!—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear—
Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bidd'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission, from my thoughts depart;
Dear one! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days,
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze.
Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that evershone to bless!—
Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and Heaven;
I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!
Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven?
Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!
Oh, yet awhile delay!

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.*

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!

* "Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a ceaseless conscious-

Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main:
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,

ness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections."—See the Notes to Mrs Brunton's Works.

That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet ;—
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-hair'd father,
That in the paths he trode,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
Our good and bright will see !—
Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell,
Ere long, with them and thee !

THE TWO HOMES.

"Oh! if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too?"

SEE'ST thou my home?—'tis where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the summer air,
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colour'd with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved — there pray'd for — there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother;
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;

One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
There laughs *my* home—sad stranger! where is thine?

Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?
Happy *thou* art that so canst gaze on thine!
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

"Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht! da ich noch ein Bube war —war's mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben!"
DIE RAUBER.

Like thee to die, thou sun!—My boyhood's dream
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,

Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings :—Oh ! for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze ;
Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
Some voice, to speak of hope and brighter days,
Beyond the pass of shadows ! But I go,
I that have been so loved, go hence alone ;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
Mingles its cadence while you speak of me :
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Far, far away !—and oh ! your parting prayer—
Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there ?
It will ! A blessing on that holy hearth !
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother ! I may not hear thy voice again ;
Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step in vain ;
Young brother, fare thee well !—on each dear head
Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
My soul's last earthly breathings ! May your home
Smile for you ever ! May no winter come,
No *world*, between your hearts ! May ev'n your tears,
For my sake, full of long-remember'd years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond ! I may not sleep
Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine
Over my slumbers ; yet your love will keep
My memory living in the ancestral halls,
Where shame hath never trod :—the dark night falls,

And I depart. The brave are gone to rest,
The brothers of my combats, on the breast
Of the red field they reap'd :—their work is done—
Thou, too, art set !—farewell, farewell, thou sun !
The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

THE IMAGE IN THE HEART.

TO * * * *

"True, indeed, it is,
That they whom death has hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with them
The future cannot contradict the past—
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone."

WORDSWORTH.

"The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."

BYRON.

I CALL thee bless'd !—though now the voice be fled
Which to thy soul brought dayspring with its tone,
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
Eyes that ne'er look'd on thine but light was thrown
Far through thy breast :

And though the music of thy life be broken,
Or changed in every chord, since he is gone,
Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone !
I call thee bless'd !

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount and palm,
For ever green!—the world's breath enters not,
The passion-tempests may not break its calm;
'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, may'st thou turn
From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn
That, filled with waters of sweet memory, lies
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home!*—there is no power in change
To reach that temple of the past; no sway,
In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
To sweep the still transparent peace away
From its hush'd air!

And oh! that glorious image of the dead!
Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
Its high gifts fearlessly!—I call thee bless'd,
If only *there.*

Bless'd for the beautiful within thee dwelling
Never to fade!—a refuge from distrust,
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is no dream,
No false mirage for *thee,* the fervent love.

The rainbow still unreach'd, the ideal gleam,
That ever seems before, beyond, above,
Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
Singled and mark'd, hast *known* its home and place;
And the high memory of its holy worth,
To this our life a glory and a grace
For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved?
Thou art!—the love his spirit bore away
Was not for death!—a treasure but removed,
A bright bird parted for a clearer day,—
Thine still in heaven!

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

"And dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by."

BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wavy shadows float by, and part:
Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—
All the sere flowers of our days gone by,
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go
Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep!
Thou art all one world of affections deep,—
And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair:
All the beloved of my soul are there!
The forms my spirit most pines to see,
The eyes whose love hath been life to me—

They are there; and each blessed voice I hear,
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;
But under-tones are in each, that say—
"It is but a dream: it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow;
I listen to music of long ago;

But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay,—
"It is but a dream : it will melt away !"

I sit by the hearth of my early days ;
All the home-faces are met by the blaze,—
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say,
"It is but a dream ; it will melt away !"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone !
Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to bear,—
Bright faces, kind voices ! where are ye, where ?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,
The past, as it fled by my own blue streams !
Make not my spirit within me burn
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return !

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn light,
And oh ! with the loved, whom no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be !

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear ;
So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away !

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne
By an o'ermastering current!"

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shiver'd crest
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best,
Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams, through its golden hair,
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
Earth-bound the free;
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer! *thine* early bier
Friends should have crown'd,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,

Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep,—
Why cam'st thou here?

Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,—
Some, for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name;

Some for the stormy play
And joy of strife;
And some, to fling away
A weary life;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust!

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
Oh, silent house! once fill'd with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birthplace! yet for me
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much! for all about thee spread
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanish'd now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me 'midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze—
To lift, through tears, my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,*
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shade from things gone by
May there o'ersweep the unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

* "In my Father's house there are many mansions."
John, chap. xiv.

We miss them when the board is spread;
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears, *
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The sever'd wreath is bound once more!

Holy ye were, and good, and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you;
Guide me, like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high!

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;

* From an ancient Hebrew dirge:—

"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead,
For he is at rest, and we in tears!"

In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;—
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress'd—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who pray'd with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage-land—
The voices of thy kindred band—
Oh! 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE.*

THEY haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams:
The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er *my* soul in soft and sudden gleams:

* That of Rizzio, at Holyroodhouse.

Life—spirit life, immortal and divine,
Is there—and yet how dark a death was thine!

Could it—oh! *could* it be—meek child of song?
The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
Was the celestial gift no shield from wrong?
Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?
Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,
Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast?

Are there not deep sad oracles to read
In the clear stillness of that radiant face?
Yes, even like thee must gifted spirits bleed,
Thrown on a world, for heavenly things no place!
Bright exiled birds that visit alien skies,
Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies.

And seeking ever some true, gentle breast,
Whereon their trembling plumage might repose,
And their free song-notes, from that happy nest,
Gush as a fount that forth from sunlight flows;
Vain dream! the love whose precious balms might save,
Still, still denied—they struggle to the grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink!—another doom,
Victim! hath set its promise in thine eye;
A light is there, too quenchless for the tomb,
Bright earnest of a nobler destiny;
Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,
To the deep souls that find no echo here.

COME HOME!

COME home! there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went,
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent.
The tones in every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved! come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea?
By stormy hills of battles old?
Or where dark rivers foam?—
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved, come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds, o'er the main!

Our love is grown too sorrowful—
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back!
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

"Implora pace!" *

ONE draught, kind fairy! from that fountain deep.
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts divine
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;
Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface
All the vain lore by memory's pride amass'd,

* Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's. He describes the impression produced upon him by some tombs at Bologna, bearing this simple inscription, and adds, "When I die, I could wish that some friend would see these words, and no other, placed above my grave,—'*Implora pace.*'"

So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
And fill the hollow channels of the past;
And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf
Rase the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more! All, *all* thy soul hath known,
Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!
Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone
A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?
Think—wouldst thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there *are*
Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
Never! oh—never, in my home to dwell!
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
Fill high th' oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again! With memory wilt thou cast
The undying hope away, of memory born?
Hope of reunion, heart to heart at last,
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!——Yet stay—
'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright band.
Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill—
I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image nought
May dim within the temple of my breast—
For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought
May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
I ask not to forget.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

[On a monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of a noble lady who expired suddenly while standing as a bride at the altar.]

"We bear her home! we bear her home!
Over the murmuring salt sea's foam;
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."

BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day,
When thy gems, in rich array,
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from the unrest
Or the gladness of thy breast?

Who shall tell us ? from thy bower
Brightly didst thou pass that hour ;
With the many-glancing oar,
And the cheer along the shore,
And the wealth of summer flowers
On thy fair head cast in showers,
And the breath of song and flute,
And the clarion's glad salute,
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
Wert thou borne in pomp, young bride !
Mirth and music, sun and sky,
Welcomed thee triumphantly !
Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, as untold it blent
With the sounds of merriment,
" From the home of childhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the love of many years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears ;
To another path and guide,
To a bosom yet untried !
Bright one ! oh ! there well may be
Trembling 'midst our joy for thee.

Bride ! when through the stately fane,
Circled with thy nuptial train,
'Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warrior-ancestry,
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
In soft beauty thou wast led ;
When before the shrine thy form
Quiver'd to some bosom storm,

When, like harp-strings with a sigh
Breaking in mid-harmony,
On thy lip the murmurs low
Died with love's unfinish'd vow;
When like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red,
And the light forsook thine eye,
And thy head sank heavily;
Was that drooping but th' excess
Of thy spirit's blessedness?
Or did some deep feeling's might,
Folded in thy heart from sight,
With a sudden tempest-shower,
Earthward bear thy life's young flower?—
Who shall tell us?—on *thy* tongue
Silence, and for ever, hung!
Never to thy lip and cheek
Rush'd again the crimson streak;
Never to thine eye return'd
That which there had beam'd and burn'd!
With the secret none might know,
With thy rapture or thy woe,
With thy marriage robe and wreath,
Thou wert fled, young bride of death!
One, one lightning moment there
Struck down triumph to despair,
Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,
Into darkness—terror—dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,
Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,

Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
Deaf to that wild funeral wail,
Yet perchance a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering while the stern, sad knell
On the air's bright stillness fell;
"From the power of chill and change
Souls to sever and estrange;
From love's wane—a death in life
But to watch—a mortal strife;
From the secret fevers known
To the burning heart alone,
Thou art fled—afar, away—
Where these blights no more have sway!
Bright one! oh! there well may be
Comfort 'midst our tears for thee!"

THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

"A long war disturb'd your mind—
Here your perfect peace is sign'd;
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
End your moan, and come away!"
WEBSTER—*Duchess of Malfy.*

THERE were faint sounds of weeping;—fear and gloom
And midnight vigil in a stately room
Of Lusignan's old halls. Rich odours there
Fill'd the proud chamber as with Indian air,
And soft light fell from lamps of silver, thrown
On jewels that with rainbow lustre shone

Over a gorgeous couch : there emeralds gleam'd,
And deeper crimson from the ruby stream'd,
Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set,
Hiding from sunshine. Many a carcanet
Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain
Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,
And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath
Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of death,
Hung drooping solemnly ;—for there one lay,
Passing from all earth's glories fast away,
Amidst those queenly treasures : they had been
Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands,
And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen
She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold hands
Had press'd them to her languid heart once more,
Melting in childlike tears. But this was o'er—
Love's last vain clinging unto life ; and now,
A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow,
Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd removed,
Though not from earth, from all it knew or loved.
Far, far away ! her handmaids watch'd around,
In awe, that lent to each low midnight sound
A might, a mystery ! and the quivering light
Of wind-sway'd lamps, made spectral in their sight
The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,
Gleaming along the walls with braided hair,
Long in the dust grown dim ; and she, too, saw,
But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,
Those pictured shapes !—a bright, yet solemn train
Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain
Clothed in diviner hues ! while on her ear
Strange voices fell, which none besides might hear,

Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh
Of winds o'er harp-strings through a midnight sky;
And thus it seem'd, in that low thrilling tone,
Th' ancestral shadows call'd away their own.

Come, come, come!
Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd
For the step that ne'er return'd;
Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,
And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd
With the hope, whose parting strife
Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—
Now the heavy day is done,
Home awaits thee, wearied one!
Come, come, come!

From the quenchless thoughts that burn
In the seal'd heart's lonely urn;
From the coil of memory's chain
Wound about the throbbing brain;
From the veins of sorrow deep,
Winding through the world of sleep;
From the haunted halls and bowers,
Throng'd with ghosts of happier hours!
Come, come, come!

On our dim and distant shore
Aching love is felt no more!
We have loved with earth's excess—
Past is now that weariness!
We have wept, that weep not now—
Calm is each once-beating brow!

We have known the dreamer's woes—
All is now one bright repose!
Come, come, come!

Weary heart that long hast bled,
Languid spirit, drooping head,
Restless memory, vain regret,
Pining love whose light is set,
Come away!—'tis hush'd, 'tis well,
Where by shadowy founts we dwell,
All the fever thirst is still'd,
All the air with peace is fill'd,—
Come, come, come!

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,
She pass'd, as twilight melts to night, away!

THE MAGIC GLASS.

"How lived, how loved, how died they?"—BYRON.

"THE dead! the glorious dead!—And shall they rise?
Shall they look on thee with their proud bright eyes?
Thou ask'st a fearful spell!
Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,
What kingly vision shall obey my call?
The deep grave knows it well!

"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors? shall they pass
Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass
With triumph's long array?

Speak ! and those dwellers of the marble urn,
Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,
As on their proudest day.

" Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of song ?—
O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng
Shall waft a solemn gleam !
Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant brows,
Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,
But silent as a dream."

" Not these, O mighty master !—Though their lays
Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,
Hallow'd for evermore !
And not the buried conquerors ! Let them sleep,
And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths keep
In joy, from shore to shore !

" But, if the narrow house may so be moved,
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved
Back from their couch of rest !
That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be fill'd
With peace, if human love hath ever still'd
The yearning human breast."

" Away, fond youth !—An idle quest is thine ;
These have no trophy, no memorial shrine ;
I know not of their place !
'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,
Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint and low,
Have pass'd, and left no trace.

" Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills,
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,
Their covering turf may bloom,
But ne'er hath fame made relics of its flowers—
Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,
Or poet hail'd their tomb."

" Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell!
Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves may tell
That which I pine to know!
I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
Records of joy and woe."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL.

" Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse."

MADAME DE STAEL.

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven!
Thou to whom its fires are given,
Joyously thy car hath roll'd
Where the conqueror's pass'd of old;
And the festal sun that shone,
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,*
Makes thy day of glory bright,
With a shower of golden light.

* " The trebly hundred triumphs."—BYRON.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,
Freedom's foot so proudly trode;
While, from tombs of heroes borne,
From the dust of empire shorn,
Flowers upon thy graceful head,
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
In a soft and rosy rain,
Touch'd with many a gem-like stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now!
Music hails thee from below;
Music, whose rich notes might stir
Ashes of the sepulchre;
Shaking with victorious notes
All the bright air as it floats.
Well may woman's heart beat high
Unto that proud harmony!

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
And thy voice is heard to rise
With a low and lovely tone
In its thrilling power alone;
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
Touch'd as by a breeze's wing,
Murmurs tremblingly at first,
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
And thy cheek a flush hath caught
From the joy of kindled thought;
And the burning words of song
From thy lip flow fast and strong,

With a rushing stream's delight,
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun!
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome!—Oh! art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot?—
Happier, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth!

THE RUIN.

"Oh 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own."
WORDSWORTH.

"Birth has gladdened it: death has sanctified it."
Guesses at Truth.

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode!
Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flow'd.
Banners of knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle-notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasaunce* here
By courtly hands been dress'd,
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest:

Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the spirit of delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent board!
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that *here*,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!
A solemnising breath;
A presence all around thee dwells,
Of human life and death.
I need not pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth!
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here met in mirth,
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,
And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been known,
Hearth of the dead! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept:
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room,
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been mark'd and mourn'd,
And time hath fill'd the vacant place,
And gladness hath return'd;
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropp'd one by one!
And homewards hither, o'er the main,
Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for thought,
Fix'd eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
Even lowliest hearts have bled?

Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,
Have link'd one household band.

THE MINSTER.

"A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality."
BYRON.

SPEAK low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air:
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile!
Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,

Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high ;
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry ;
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound :
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around ;—
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head :
And thou, still battling with the tempest's force—
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time hast bled—
Speak, wounded Love ! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair ?

No voice, no breath !—of conflicts past, no trace !—
Doth not this hush give answer to my quest ?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest !
Oh ! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure, and still, and deep !

THE SONG OF NIGHT.*

" O night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength!"
BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts!—for every flower sweet dew
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their noonday track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace: I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe; and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

* Suggested by Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of Night, represented under the form of a winged female figure, with two infants asleep in her arms.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done;

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train;
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings !—fill'd with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the avenging one !—the arm'd, the strong—
The searcher of the soul !

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms !—the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse — Be holy, Earth !
I am the solemn Night !

THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.

" Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal ?
Are ye like those that shake the human breast ?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest ?"
Childe Harold.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep !
The air is fill'd with sleep,

* Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness—fired by lightning—now rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom. See LANZI'S *History of Painting, translated by Roscoe.*

With the stream's whisper, and the citron's breath ;
The fix'd and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars—
Wake, rushing winds ! this breezeless calm is death !

Ye watch-fires of the skies !
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul ;
I feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and, dark clouds, roll !

I am your own, *your* child,
O ye, the fierce, and wild,
And kingly tempests !—will ye not arise ?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That knows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate ;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate :

Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision—and the stream gush'd free ;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea !

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till call'd forth by the harping of the blast;
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvass o'er,
With hurried hand I pour
The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul!
Kindling to fiery life
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark clouds, roll

Wake, rise! the reed may bend,
The shivering leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before your might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here—
Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm and night!

THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky:
"Thou art gone hence!" one sang: "our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seem'd too much our own
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence!—our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise!
Never the friend's familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone *home!*" then high and clear
Warbled that other Voice: "thou hast no tear
Again to shed.
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weigh'd down by Memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home! oh, early crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
Thrice bless'd to go!"

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like Voice of grief—
"Thou art gone hence! alas, that aught so brief,
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!
Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, *home!*" once more the exulting Voice arose:
"Thou art gone home!—from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—
Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast—
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,
Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd,
Thou art gone home!"

THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."
WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be;
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song;

Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?
And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles
Of summer tremble on the water's breast!
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er the tide,
The genii groves of Araby shall pour;
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,
On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furl'd,
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of southern skies,
On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way;
Strange creatures of the abyss that none may sound,
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark;—
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!
Hail, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us back
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth:
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright;
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep;
Never may flower be strewn above their grave,
Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy proud form
On our glad sight no more perchance may swell;
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

Whisper, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?

Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen.

" I have seen the forest shadows lie
Where men now reap the corn ;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

" With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

" I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high ;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleaming panoply.

" The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
Kneeling, at vesper-hours.

" And the merry-men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here, with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter's song of yore.

" And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now,
Like the glory with the dead :—
I would that where they slumber low
My latest leaves were shed!"

Oh! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,
That mournest for the past!
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow;
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree!
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
For the stormy past, with thee?

THE STREAMS.

" The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanish'd!
They live no longer in the faith of heaven,
But still the heart doth need a language!"
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

YE have been holy, O founts and floods!
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
With the water-flowers on your breast asleep,
And ye that gush from the sounding caves—
Hallow'd have been your waves.

Hallow'd by man, in his dreams of old,
Unto beings not of this mortal mould—
Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous powers,
Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,
And sought with its fancied sound to still
The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers gone,
O'er your sweet waters, ye streams! were thrown;
Thousand of gifts to the sunny sea
Have ye swept along, in your wanderings free,
And thrill'd to the murmur of many a vow—
Where all is silent now!

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath been
So link'd in love to your margins green;
That still, though ruin'd, your early shrines
In beauty gleam through the southern vines.

And the ivied chapels of colder skies,
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing earth
Are those, bright streams! where your springs have birth;
Whether their cavern'd murmur fills,
With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,
Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful flow
Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert sands
With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,
And a flash from under some ancient rock,
Where a shepherd-king might have watch'd his flock,
Where a few lone palm-trees lift their heads,
And a green Acacia spreads.

Or whether, in bright old lands renown'd,
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,
And the shadow, flung from the Grecian pine,
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming line,
And the tall reeds whisper to your waves,
Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place!
By the freshest fern your path we trace;
By the brighest cups on the emerald moss,
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
By the rainbow glancing of insect wings,
In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
Are all your own through the summer hours;
There the proud stag his fair image knows,
Traced on your glass beneath alder-boughs;
And the Halcyon's breast, like the skies array'd,
Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with elves and fays
Peopled your banks in the olden days,
And the memory left by departed love,
To your antique founts in glen and grove,
And the glory born of the poet's dreams—
These are you charms, bright streams!

Now is the time of your flowery rites,
Gone by with its dances and young delights:
From your marble urns ye have burst away,
From your chapel-cells to the laughing day;
Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
Haunts of all gentle and gladsome things!
Holy, to converse with nature's lore,
That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,
And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
Making the heart a shrine!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit."
GRAY'S *Letters*.

OH! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine!
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a sound and sign;
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums,—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track—
The chime of low, soft, southern waves on some green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd;
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,
For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all
changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from
the dead!

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild wind? these many
notes in *thee*?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must
surely be;
Yes! buried, but unsleeping, *there* thought watches,
memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are pour'd through
all earth's harmonies.

THE VIGIL OF ARMS.*

A SOUNDING step was heard by night
In a church where the mighty slept,
As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light,
'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.
He walk'd in dreams of power and fame,
He lifted a proud, bright eye,
For the hours were few that withheld his name
From the roll of chivalry.

* The candidate for knighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch, the night before his inauguration, in a church, and completely armed. This was called "the Vigil of Arms."

Down the moonlit aisles he paced alone,
With a free and stately tread;
And the floor gave back a muffled tone
From the couches of the dead:
The silent many that round him lay,
The crown'd and helm'd that were,
The haughty chiefs of the war array—
Each in his sepulchre!

But no dim warning of time or fate
That youth's flushed hopes could chill;
He moved through the trophies of buried state
With each proud pulse throbbing still.
He heard, as the wind through the chancel sung
A swell of the trumpet's breath;
He look'd to the banners on high that hung,
And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour seem'd
Before him to unfold;
Through the solemn arches on it stream'd,
With many a gleam of gold:
There were crested knight, and gorgeous dame,
Glittering athwart the gloom;
And he follow'd, till his bold step came
To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy might
Of the monumental stone,
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's light
That over its quiet shone,

And the image of that sire, who died
In his noonday of renown—
These had a power unto which the pride
Of fiery life bow'd down.

And a spirit from his early years
Came back o'er his thoughts to move,
Till his eye was fill'd with memory's tears,
And his heart with childhood's love!
And he look'd, with a change in his softening glance,
To the armour o'er the grave—
For there they hung, the shield and lance,
And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was there,
With its cross for the hour of need,
When the night's bold war-cry hath sunk in prayer,
And the spear is a broken reed!—
Hush! did a breeze through the armour sigh?
Did the folds of the banner shake?
Not so!—from the tomb's dark mystery
There seem'd a voice to break!

He had heard that voice bid clarions blow,
He had caught its last blessing's breath—
'Twas the same—but its awful sweetness now
Had an under-tone of death!
And it said—"The sword hath conquer'd kings,
And the spear through realms hath pass'd;
But the cross alone, of all these things,
Might aid me at the last."

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY.

HEART! that didst press forward still,*
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
Leader of the charging spear,
Fiery heart!—and liest thou *here?*
May this narrow spot inurn
Aught that so could beat and burn?
Heart! that loved'st the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last;
Silent—save when early bird
Sings where once the mass was heard;
Silent—save when breeze's moan
Comes through flowers or fretted stone;
And the wild-rose waves around thee,
And the long dark grass hath bound thee,
—Sleep'st thou, as the swain might sleep,
In his nameless valley deep?

No! brave heart! though cold and lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own!
Feel I not thy spirit brood
O'er the whispering solitude?
Lo! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,

* "Now pass thou forward, as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" With these words Douglas threw from him the heart of Bruce into mid-battle against the Moors of Spain.

Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
With a mute yet stately tread,
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night,
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
Arm'd to follow thee, or die?
Now, true heart! as thou were wont,
Pass thou to the peril's front!
Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
And the battle's red wine streaming,
Till the Paynim quail before thee,
Till the cross wave proudly o'er thee—
Dreams! the falling of a leaf
Wins me from their splendours brief;
Dreams, yet bright ones! scorn them not,
Thou that seek'st the holy spot;
Nor, amidst its lone domain,
Call the faith in relics vain!

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam;
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more!"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung:
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!

"Thou may'st come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—
A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth—and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us?—oh! yet delay!

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth!
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth;
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;

Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirr'd,
Andthe singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—
What should it do for a burning heart!
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone;
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer! farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence; that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage."

BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your woes,
Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought!
I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought;

'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,
And sorrowful for visions that are gone.

Come to me! make your thrilling whispers heard,
Ye, by those masters of the soul endow'd
With life, and love, and many a burning word,
That bursts from grief, like lightning from a cloud,
And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,
As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me! visit my dim haunt!—the sound
Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath;
The stock-dove's note above; and all around,
The poesy that with the violet's breath
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden streams,
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends?—for such to my lone heart ye are—
Unchanging ones! from whose immortal eyes
The glory melts not as a waning star,
And the sweet kindness never, never dies;
Bright children of the bard! o'er this green dell
Pass once again, and light it with your spell!

Imogen! fair Fidele! meekly blending
In patient grief, "a smiling with a sigh;" *
And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter, tending
That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky;

* "Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh."
Cymbeline.

Thou of the soft low voice !—thou art not gone !
Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like tone.

And come to me !—sing me thy willow-strain,
Sweet Desdemona ! with the sad surprise
In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,
Undimm'd, unquenchable affection lies ;
Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,
As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne.

And thou, too, fair Ophelia ! flowers are here,
That well might win thy footstep to the spot—
Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,
And pansies for sad thoughts,*—but needed not !
Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light
In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south ! enshrining
All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong ;
The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining,
The soul its nightingales pour forth in song,
Thou, making death deep joy !—but *couldst* thou die ?
No !—thy young love hath immortality !

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,
From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone
But ye, the children of the soul, were born
Deathless, and for undying love alone ;

* "Here's pansies for you—that's for thoughts."
Hamlet.

And oh! ye beautiful! 'tis well, how well,
In the soul's world, with you, where change is not,
to dwell!

THE LYRE'S LAMENT.

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind—but no human being was to be seen."
Salathiel.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea:
"O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
"What would thy breath with me?

"Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strik'st not forth th' electric fire
Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the dark sea-waters!
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the spell—the gift—the lightning—
Within my frame conceal'd,
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unreveal'd?

"I have power, high power, for freedom
To wake the burning soul!

I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.

"I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero's death afar.

"I have chords to lift the pæan
From the temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons
When sweeping winds are high.

"And love—for love's lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer air with the rose's breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell:

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined—
But who shall call that sweetness forth?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind!

"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life?
Wild, fitful wind, away!"

So sigh'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part—
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart!

TASSO'S CORONATION.*

A crown of victory! a triumphal song!
Oh! call some friend upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest;
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony!

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, in the glorious
Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice
of victory;
There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial streets
along,
For again a conqueror must be crown'd—a kingly
child of song:

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide
and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his roll-
ing car;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their
wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-
like showers.

* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

Peace! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies;
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main!
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes! for him, the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low!
A soft sad *miserere* chant
For a soul about to go.

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown!

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train are met—
The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way!

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,

And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior bird! what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinions sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?

Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won!
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air;
Hast thou left that realm on high?
—Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was thy sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast,
—Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

SADNESS AND MIRTH.

" Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem, and strange.
Oh ! nothing strange !
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,
Shiver in silvery brightness ?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that, like a spirit's path,
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake ?
O, gentle friend !
Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,
And may be so to-morrow ! "

JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
Where the bright wine foam'd over sculptured gold,
Sadness and mirth ! ye were mingled there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air ;
As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,
Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,
A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;
It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
To the rose a colouring not its own,
To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—
Sadness and mirth ! ye had each your dower !

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,
With the Roman eagles through the sky !
I know that even then, in his hour of pride,
The soul of the mighty within him died ;
That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,
Which the music of victory might never fill !

Thou wert there, oh, mirth ! swelling on the shout,
Till the temples, like echo-caves, rang out ;
Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,
All the rich voices in air were thine,
The incense, the sunshine—but, sadness, *thy* part,
Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;
Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier !
As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,
Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;
As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky—
Sadness and mirth ! so ye come and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,
Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest !
When the breath of the violet is out in spring,
When the woods with the wakening of music ring,
O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain grass.

When will your parting be, sadness and mirth ?
Bright stream and dark one !—oh ! never on earth !
Never while triumphs and tombs are so near !
While death and love walk the same dim sphere,
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

But there smiles a land, oh ! ye troubled pair !
Where ye have no part in the summer air :
Far from the breathings of changeful skies,
Over the seas and the graves it lies ;
Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,
And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-SONG.

" Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
Die mit seelenvollen melodie
Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen?
—Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie."

SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flower-cup's glow?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain's laughing flow?

A voice, in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning, " Where, oh! where?

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!
Are ye, too, pass'd away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully !
The royal rose is gone :
Melt from the woods, my spirit ! melt
In one deep farewell tone !

Not so ; swell forth triumphantly
The full, rich, fervent strain !
Hence with young love and life I go,
In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly !
Sing to the woods, I go !
For me, perchance, in other lands,
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind
May there know nought of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully !
Swell high, then break, my heart !

With love, the spirit of the woods,
With summer I depart!

THE DIVER.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."
SHELLEY.

THOU hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming wealth of old,
And wrecks where the brave have striven:
The deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine;
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown!

A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be ;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on *thee ?*

None !—as it gleams from the queenlike head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
" A life hath been, like a raindrop, shed
For that pale, quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought !—
And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought ?
O wrestler with the sea !

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn :

Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is pour'd ;
Learning deep sounds to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But, oh ! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power
That throws at last o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower !

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strew'd ;

The soul whence those high gifts are shed
May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gush'd with every word ?

None, none !—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee ;
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea !

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

" Les poetes, dont l'imagination tient à la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas les bannis d'une autre region ? "

MADAME DE STAEL—*De l'Allemagne.*

No tears for thee !—though light be from us gone
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one !
No tears for thee !
They that have loved an exile, must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
Breathed but the language of another sphere,
Unecho'd round ;
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our weeping skies
Some half-remember'd strain of paradise
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd? thou, that from the night
And from the voices of the tempest's might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of man's destiny
Forth on the blast!

Hast thou been answer'd? thou, that through the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
A cry didst send,
So passionate and deep? to pierce, to move,
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend!

And hast thou found where living waters burst?
Thou that didst pine amidst us, in the thirst
Of fever-dreams!
Are the true fountains thine for evermore?
Oh! lured so long by shining mists, that wore
The light of streams!

Speak! it is well with thee!—we call, as *thou*,
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled brow,
Wert wont to call
On the departed! Art thou blest and free?
Alas! the lips earth covers, even to *thee*,
Were silent all!

Yet shall our hope rise fann'd by quenchless faith,
As a flame, foster'd by some warm wind's breath,
In light upsprings:

Freed soul of song! yes, thou hast found the sought;
Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought
On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,
When life's young music, ringing far and clear,
O'erflows the sky :—
No tears for *thee!* the lingering gloom is ours—
Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,
Never to die!

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

"Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti!
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi."

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
On eagle wings, through every plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still, triumphant harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling
Into rich floods of joy ;—it is but pain
To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling,
To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to young chieftain dying
On his own battle-field, at set of sun,
With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,
Well mightst thou speak of fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth?—Yes, for the martyr leading
Unto victorious death serenely on;
For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
Against life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!
For power, for joy, high hope, and rapturous greeting,
Thou wakest lone thirst—be hush'd, exulting strain!

Be hush'd, or breathe of grief!—of exile yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger shore;
Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings,
For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil keeping
Through the night-hours, o'er wasted wealth to pine;
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose-leaves heaping,
In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing
From worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky;
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, the undying—
Of joy no more—bewildering harmony!

SECOND SIGHT.

" Ne'er err'd the prophet heart that grief inspired,
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist."

MATURIN.

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!
A murmur of the soul which blends
With the flow of song and wine;

An eye that through the triumph's hour
Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
Where the father's board is spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the wither'd garlands lie
Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
On the warrior's gorgeous crest;
And the bier amidst the bridal train,
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of time,
Through the ivy branches made,
Where the palace, in its glory's prime,
With the sunshine stands array'd.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign:
A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!

Oh! prophet heart! thy grief, thy power,
To all deep souls belong;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—
For them a veil is riven;
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
Their home is but in Heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND.

"Thy path is not as mine;—where thou art blest,
My spirit would but wither; mine own grief
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,
Than all thy happiness."

Hath the summer's breath, on the south wind borne,
Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn?
Hath it lured thee, Bird! from their sounding caves,
To the river shores where the osier waves?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,
Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many a cell?
Where the moss bears print of the wild-deer's tread,
And the heath like a royal robe is spread?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright sea-bird!
There is joy where the song of the lark is heard,
With the dancing of waters through copse and dell,
And the bee's low tune in the foxglove's bell.

Thou hast done well:—Oh! the seas are lone,
And the voice they send up hath a mournful tone;
A mingling of dirges and wild farewells,
Fitfully breathed through its anthem-swells.

The proud bird rose as the words were said—
The rush of his pinion swept o'er my head,
And the glance of his eye, in its bright disdain,
Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the ocean's breast,
To his throne of pride on the billow's crest.
Oh! who shall say, to a spirit free,
"*There* lies the pathway of bliss for thee?"

THE SLEEPER.

"For sleep is awful."—BYRON.

OH! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,

On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams;—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O, DIM, forsaken mirror!
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleam'd, in vanish'd hours
Of the wine-cup and the song!

The song hath left no echo;
The bright wine hath been quaff'd;
And hush'd is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laugh'd.

Oh! mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall!
Thou hast been flush'd with beauty's bloom—
Is this, too, vanish'd all?

It is, with the scatter'd garlands
Of triumphs long ago;
With the melodies of buried lyres;
With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou givest but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit
Thou tellest me 'twill be,
When the forms and hues of this world fade
From his memory, as from thee :

And his heart's long-troubled waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF BERNARD BARTON,

THE QUAKER POET.

Happy thou art, the child of one
Who in each lowly flower,
Each leaf that glances to the sun,
Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,
Or sparkle of the stream,
Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye
To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,
A joy in wood and wild ;—
And e'en for this I call thee blest,
The gentle poet's child !

THE STAR OF THE MINE.

From the deep chambers of a mine,
With heavy gloom o'erspread,
I saw a star at noontide shine
Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow
Of the rich upper day;
But in that shadowy world below,
How my heart blest its ray!

And still, the farther from my sight
Torches and lamps were borne,
The purer, lovelier, seem'd the light
That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh! what is like that heavenly spark?—
A friend's kind, steadfast eye;
Where, brightest when the world grows dark,
Hope, cheer, and comfort lie!

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

[SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.]

Yes! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou western world!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead:
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,
So girt with tranquil glory stand,
For ages on thy shore!

Such, through all time, the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billow sweep!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep.

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

'Tis lone on the waters
When eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell;

When, borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of home o'er the deep;

When the wing of the sea-bird
  Is turn'd to her nest,
And the thought of the sailor
  To all he loves best!

'Tis lone on the waters—
  That hour hath a spell—
To bring back sweet voices,
  With words of farewell!

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER-IN-LAW.

We miss thy voice while early flowers are blowing,
  And the first flush of blossom clothes each bough,
And the Spring sunshine round our home is glowing
  Soft as thy smile. Thou shouldst be with us now.

With *us?* we wrong thee by the earthly thought.
  Could our fond gaze but follow where thou art,
Well might the glories of this world seem nought
  To the one promise given the pure in heart.

Yet wert thou blest e'en here—oh! ever blest
  In thine own sunny thoughts and tranquil faith!
The silent joy that still o'erflowed thy breast,
  Needed but guarding from all change, by death.

So is it seal'd to peace! On thy clear brow
  Never was care one fleeting shade to cast;
And thy calm days in brightness were to flow,
  A holy stream, untroubled to the last.

Farewell! thy life hath left surviving love
A wealth of records, and sweet "feelings given,"
From sorrow's heart the faintness to remove,
By whispers breathing "less of earth than heaven."*

Thus rests thy spirit still on those with whom
Thy step the paths of joyous duty trod,
Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb,
Where chasten'd thought may offer praise to God.

April 1826.

TO AN ORPHAN.

THOU hast been rear'd too tenderly,
Beloved too well and long,
Watch'd by too many a gentle eye:
Now look on life—be strong!

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,
Too holy and too deep;
Bright clouds, through summer skies that range,
Seem ofttimes thus to sleep:—

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,
As things that ne'er may melt;
Yet gaze again—no trace is found
To show thee where they dwelt.

* Alluding to the lines she herself quoted but an hour before her death:—

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."

This world hath no more love to give
  Like that which thou hast known;
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
  Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh! too beautiful and blest
  Thy home of youth hath been!
Where shall thy wing, poor bird, find rest,
  Shut out from that sweet scene?

Kind voices from departed years
  Must haunt thee many a day;
Looks that will smite the source of tears,
  Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the altered or the dead,
  And music that is gone—
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
  And thou shalt wake—alone.

Alone! it is in that deep word
  That all thy sorrow lies;
How is the heart to courage stirr'd
  By smiles from kindred eyes!

And are these lost?—and have I said
  To aught like *thee*—be strong?
So bid the willow lift its head
  And brave the tempest's wrong!

Thou reed! o'er which the storm hath pass'd—
  Thou shaken with the wind!

On one, *one* friend thy weakness cast—
There is but one to bind!

HYMN BY THE SICK-BED OF A MOTHER.

FATHER! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief;
Or to the chasten'd, let thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
Thou Saviour! if the stroke *must* fall,
Hallow this grief!

WHERE IS THE SEA?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

[A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied—*"The sea—where is it?"*]

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute—
I hear the whispering tree;—
The echoes of my soul are mute:
Where is my own blue sea?

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.*

How is it that before mine eyes,
  While gazing on thy mien,
All my past years of life arise,
  As in a mirror seen?
What spell within thee hath been shrined
To image back my own deep mind?

Even as a song of other times
  Can trouble memory's springs;
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
  Can wake departed things;
Even as a scent of vernal flowers
Hath records fraught with vanish'd hours;—

Such power is thine! They come, the dead,
  From the grave's bondage free,
And smiling back the changed are led
  To look in love on thee;
And voices that are music flown
Speak to me in the heart's full tone:

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress—
  The thoughts of happier years—
And a vain gush of tenderness
  O'erflows in child-like tears;
A passion which I may not stay,
A sudden fount that must have way.

* Painted by W. E. West in 1827, and engraved in the first volume of this publication.

But thou, the while—oh ! almost strange,
Mine imaged self ! it seems
That on *thy* brow of peace no change
Reflects my own swift dreams ;
Almost I marvel not to trace
Those lights and shadows in *thy* face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep—
Affection, Memory, Grief—
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep
O'er a frail aspen-leaf !
Oh, that the quiet of thine eye
Might sink there when the storm goes by !

Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are gone
Shall seek my form in thee,—
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest !

NO MORE.

No more ! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,
A last low summer-breeze, a far-off swell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—those murmurs of farewell—
No more !

To dwell in peace, with home affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,

To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—
No more!

A dirge-like sound! to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—
No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our first years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn, and read our own heart's answer *there*—
No more!

Words of despair! yet earth's, all earth's—the woe
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—oh! image then the flow
Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep—
No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
To see the beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart—
No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
For human love *—and never quench that thirst,

* "*Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme j'aime,*" was a mournful expression of Madame de Staël's.

To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—
No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead;
To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures fled—
No more!

Words of triumphant music—bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air;
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
To learn in joy;—to struggle, to despair—
No more!

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting earth,
This world of changes and farewells, a friend
That will not fail me in his love and worth,
Tender and firm, and faithful to the end?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest—
Long on vain idols its devotion shed;
Some have forsaken whom I loved the best,
And some deceived, and some are with the dead.

But *thou*, my Saviour! thou, my hope and trust,
Faithful art thou when friends and joys depart;
Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,
And fix on thee, th' unchanging One, my heart!

PASSING AWAY.

"'Passing away' is written on the world, and all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array—
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the *heart*—
Alas! that *there* Decay
Should claim from Love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends, friends!—oh! shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When we mingled sympathies—
"Passing away?"

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away!

THE ANGLER.*

"I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice;
. . . . . .
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

ISAAC WALTON.

THOU that hast loved so long and well
The vale's deep quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
Shedding forth tender gleams;
And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
Glances in golden eves of spring.

Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy line,
The gloom of alder-boughs;

* This, and the following poem, were originally written for a work entitled *Death's Doings*, edited by Mr Alaric Watts.

And in the midst, a richer hue,
One gliding vein of heaven's own blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
  The whisper of the reed,
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
  The scythe upon the mead:
Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,
There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to lave
  At noon his panting breast;
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
  Seeking her sedgy nest;
The air is fill'd with summer's breath,
The young flowers laugh—yet look! 'tis death!

But if, where silvery currents rove,
  Thy heart, grown still and sage,
Hath learn'd to read the words of love
  That shine o'er nature's page;
If holy thoughts thy guest have been,
Under the shade of willows green;

Then, lover of the silent hour,
  By deep lone waters past,
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
  To cheer thee through the last;
And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
May'st calmly bid thy streams farewell.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

"Ay, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

"Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief—
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!

"Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and chill!"

"Was the voice I heard, *thy* voice, oh Death!
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with victory's cheer!

"Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die!
"And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

"High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall,—
Death, Death, I fear thee not!"

"Warrior! thou bear'st a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride!
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of victory's tide?

"It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine!

"It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some deep Paynim hold;—
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold!"

"Death, Death! I go to a doom unblest,
If this indeed must be;
But the Cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee!

"Sound, clarion, sound!—for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine;
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
Oh Death!—and not to thine!"

SONG FOR AIR BY HUMMEL.

Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
Give back my own to me;

For if in thine I have no part,
Why should mine dwell with thèe ?*

Yet no ! this mournful love of mine,
I will not from me cast ;
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine,
By its deep truth at last !

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
Through years without reply ?
Oh ! if thy heart thou wilt not give,
Give me a thought, a sigh !

TO THE

MEMORY OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY,

SON OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO DIED IN THE CAUSE, AND LAMENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE.

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
When grief's full heart is fed by fame."
BYRON.

THOU shouldst have slept beneath the stately pines,
And with the ancestral trophies of thy race ;
Thou that hast found, where alien tombs and shrines
Speak of the past, a lonely dwelling-place !
Far from thy brethren hath thy couch been spread,
Thou bright young stranger midst the mighty dead !

Yet to thy name a noble rite was given,
Banner and dirge met proudly o'er thy grave,

* The first verse of this song is a literal translation from the German.

Under that old and glorious Grecian heaven,
Which unto death so oft hath lit the brave:
And thy dust blends with mould heroic there,
With all that sanctifies the inspiring air.

Vain voice of fame! sad sound for those that weep,
For her, the mother, in whose bosom lone
Thy childhood dwells—whose thoughts a record keep
Of smiles departed and sweet accents gone;
Of all thine early grace and gentle worth—
A vernal promise, faded now from earth!

But a bright memory claims a proud regret—
A lofty sorrow finds its own deep springs
Of healing balm; and she hath treasures yet,
Whose soul can number with love's holy things,
A name like thine! Now, past all cloud or spot,
A gem is hers, laid up where change is not.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

I AM free!—I have burst through my galling chain,
The life of young eagles is mine again;
I may cleave with my bark the glad sounding sea,
I may rove where the wind roves—my path is free!

The streams dash in joy down the summer hill,
The birds pierce the depths of the sky at will,
The arrow goes forth with the singing breeze,—
And is not my spiritas one of these?

Oh! the green earth with its wealth of flowers,
And the voices that ring through its forest bowers,
And the laughing glance of the founts that shine,
Lighting the valleys—all, all are mine!

I may urge through the desert my foaming steed,
The wings of the morning shall lend him speed;
I may meet the storm in its rushing glee—
Its blasts and its lightnings are not more free!

Captive! and hast thou then rent thy chain?
Art thou free in the wilderness, free on the main?
Yes! there thy spirit may proudly soar,
But must thou not mingle with throngs the more?

The bird when he pineth, may hush his song,
Till the hour when his heart shall again be strong;
But thou—canst thou turn in thy woe aside,
And weep, midst thy brethren?—no, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way,
When the thoughts burning in thee shall spring to day?
May the care that sits in thy weary breast
Look forth from thine aspect, the revel's guest?

No! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of scorn;
Thou must fold thy mantle that none may see,
And mask thee with laughter, and say thou art free!

No! thou art chain'd till thy race is run,
By the power of all in the soul of one;
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the fetter be—
Dreamer, fond dreamer! oh! who is free?

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

"Le voilà telle que la mort nous l'a faite."—BOSSUET.

[Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher, Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of roses, say they, will again revive in roses, unsubstantial and unodoriferous; they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment.—*Curiosities of Literature.*]

'Twas a dream of olden days,
That Art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bow'd,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, unclose,
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,
As a second rainbow, spring;
Of summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing!

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they?—fled, all fled!

Nought but the dim faint line
To speak of vanish'd hours—
Memory! what are joys of thine?—
Shadows of buried flowers!

LINES TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

Creature of air and light!
Emblem of that which will not fade or die!
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the glowing sky?
What lures thee thus to stay
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of cold mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there,
Have gather'd up their treasures and are gone;—
Will the dust tell thee where
That which hath burst the prison-house is flown?
Rise, nursling of the day!
If thou wouldst trace its way—
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
Near the deserted nest and broken shell?
Far thence, by us unheard,

He sings, rejoicing in the woods to dwell:
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn!
Thy hope springs heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.

THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Forfarshire, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell,
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

"Thou stream,
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life."

DARKLY thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave!
The laughing sunshine hath not look'd
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way;
No fairy moss, or lily's cup,
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave,
Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee,
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd veins,
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh ! art thou not, dark river,
Like the fearful thoughts untold,
Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have roll'd ?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—
Who hath not felt their power ?
Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,
E'en in his fondest hour ?

They hold no heart-communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast ;
They come and go, and leave no trace
Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way ;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day !

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

"For we are many in our solitudes."
Lament of Tasso.

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng
Were gather'd in one spot;
The dwellers of a thousand homes—
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—
The mother and her child:
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by;
After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—
They met—but silently.

Ye might have heard the rustling leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
For the deep quiet's sake;
Your tread the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?

How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air—
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human souls
In reverential love ?

Or did some burdening passion's weight
Hang on their indrawn breath ?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words ?
Fear—the strong fear of death ?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself
Lay on each lonely heart !
Kindred were there—yet hermits all—
Thousands—but each apart.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.*

O ever-joyous band
Of revellers amidst the southern vines !
On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,
Fix'd in undying lines !

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,
And thou, that wearest the immortal wreath,

* "Les sarcophages même chez les anciens ne rapellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes :—on voit des jeux, des danses, representés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux."—*Corinne.*

And thou, from whose young lip and flute, the soul
Of music seems to breathe ;

And ye, luxuriant flowers !
Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,
And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny hours,
Under Italian skies :

Ye, that a thousand springs,
And leafy summers with their odorous breath,
May yet outlast,—what do you there, bright things !
Mantling the place of death ?

Of sunlight and soft air,
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye bear ;—
Why thus, where dust hath been ?

Is it to show how slight
The bound that severs festivals and tombs,
Music and silence, roses and the blight,
Crowns and sepulchral glooms ?

Or, when the father laid
Haply his child's pale ashes here to sleep,
When the friend visited the cypress shade,
Flowers o'er the dead to heap ;

Say if the mourners sought,
In these rich images of summer mirth,
These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to lose the thought
Of our last hour on earth ?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what I seek ;
Silent ye are, light forms with vine-leaves crown'd,
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas ! for those that lay
Down in the dust without their hope of old !
Backward they look'd on life's rich banquet-day,
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
And through the plane-trees every sunbeam's glow,
And each glad murmur from the homes of men,
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
When its last melodies float o'er our way,
It's changeful hues before us faintly swim,
Its flitting lights decay ;—

E'en though we bid farewell
Unto the spring's blue skies and budding trees,
Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope to dwell
'Midst brighter things than these.

And think of deathless flowers,
And of bright streams to glorious valleys given,
And know the while, how little dream of ours
Can shadow forth of heaven.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

COME to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;

When the burden and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs;

* "The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come to the sunset tree."—See CAPTAIN SHERER'S interesting *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

Welcome the freshness round!
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,*
No weary wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trode,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

FORGET them not!—though now their name
Be but a mournful sound,

* "Wohl ihm, er ist hingegangen,
Wo *kein schnoe* mehr ist."
SCHILLER'S *Nadowessiche Todtenklage.*

Though by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no more
As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never mark'd before,
Brood o'er each tree;

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not!
Nor, where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot!

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm not elsewhere found;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream, the ground.

Then, though the wind an altered tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower, of something gone
A tinge may wear;

Oh! fly it not!—no *fruitless* grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden-bower,
Still commune with the holy dead
In each lone hour!

The *holy* dead!—oh! bless'd we are,
That we may call them so,
And to their image look afar,
Through all our woe!

Bless'd, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold,
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold!

Bless'd that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for heaven!

HE WALKED WITH GOD.*

(Genesis, v. 24.)

He walk'd with God in holy joy,
While yet his days were few;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew.
Whether, each nightly star to count,
The ancient hills he trode,

* "These two little pieces" ('He walked with God,' and 'The Rod of Aaron'), says the author in one of her letters, "are part of a collection I think of forming, to be called Sacred Lyrics. They are all to be on Scriptural subjects, and to go through the most striking events of the Old Testament, to those far more deeply affecting ones of the New." The two following are subjoined, as having been (probably) intended to form a part of the same series.

Or sought the flowers by stream and fount—
Alike he walk'd with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
The full of cares and fears;
One voice was in his heart—the same
It heard through childhood's years.
Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and swains,
O'er his green pasture-sod,
A shepherd king on eastern plains—
The patriarch walk'd with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life
Melted from earth away;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay:
He bow'd him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But join'd at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God!

So let *us* walk!—the night must come
To us that comes to all;
We through the darkness must go home,
Hearing the trumpet's call.
Closed is the path for evermore,
Which without death he trode;
No so that way, wherein of yore
His footsteps walk'd with God!

THE ROD OF AARON.

(*Numbers*, xvii. 8.)

WAS it the sigh of the southern gale
That flush'd the almond bough?
Brightest and first the young spring to hail,
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its flowers
With a kindling look of love?
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden bowers,
That smile of heaven can rove!

No! from the breeze and the living light
Shut was the sapless rod;
But it felt in the stillness a secret might,
And thrill'd to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the vernal air,
O'er our glad spirits move;
And all such things as are good and fair,
Be the blossoms, its track that prove!

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."—*Gen.* iii. 10.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone?
Not so!—for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God, Thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid!

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.

"And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?

"And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."
—*Exodus*, xv. 23-25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant eastern bower
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

Nay, wherefore ask?—since gifts are ours
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh! mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be!
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that bless'd healing tree!

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

(*St Luke*, vii. 37, 38).

Thou that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
From thy long wanderings won,
Before the all-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, O lost and found!

When thou wouldst bathe his feet
With odours richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's burning tear,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear,
From the crown'd beauty of its festal year.

Did He reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was cast?

No, from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore;
Voices, once kind, had learn'd the stranger's tone:
Who raised thee up, and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound?—
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone!

But which, O erring child!
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those words of heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed,
Condemn'd of earth to bleed,
In music pass'd, "Thy sins are all forgiven?"

Was it that perfume, fraught
With balm and incense, brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the Blest?
Or that fast-flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain,
To Him who scorn'd not tears, thy woes confess'd?

No, not by these restored
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in heaven, was made;
But, costlier in his eyes,
By that bless'd sacrifice,
Thy heart, thy full deep heart, before Him laid.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

[THE monument by Chantrey, in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble, which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires, and is touched only at their bidding, might have thought from any previous experience that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping:

"But something lies,
Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes."

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep, that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest; and this and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened—their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled—all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonises with the character of the whole. It is as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of
ELLEN JANE and MARIANNE, only children
Of the late Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, and ELLEN JANE, his wife,
Their affectionate Mother,

In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance,
That "of such is the kingdom of God."*

A. N.]

FAIR images of sleep,
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers, in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies!

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from memory's troubled fountains wrung—
While hope hath blights to bear,
While love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung!

Yet from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the sweet breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast;

* From *The Offering*, an American annual.

If then the dove-like tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return ;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn ;

O gentle forms, entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink !
Send from your calm profound
A still, small voice—a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink !

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shrined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die !
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest dead !
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

WOMAN AND FAME.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves, that twine
Into so proud a wreath ;

For that resplendent gift of thine
Heroes have smiled in death :
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet :
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame ! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool, fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need :
Where must the lone one turn or flee ?—
Not unto thee—oh, not to thee !

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Dreamer ! and wouldst thou know
If love goes with us to the viewless bourne ?

Wouldst thou bear hence th' unfathom'd source of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That power, the dweller of thy secret breast?
A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;
A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,
Wouldst thou be bless'd?—too sleepless, too profound,
Are the soul's hidden springs; there is no line
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail
When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's power?
As thine own cheek, before high thoughts, grows pale
In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,

Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*—
The burden and the shadow of thy life—
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss
With earthly feelings' strife?

Not thus—not thus—oh, no!
Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,
That spirit of my soul should with me go
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,
As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,
So must love mount to Heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessings *there*,
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream
That love goes with us to the shore unknown;
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam
In mercy shall be thrown!

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."
Childe Harold.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!
How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,
Passionate visions of love and death!

How call'st thou back, with a note, a sigh,
Words and low tones from the days gone by—
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,
Fountains of sorrow are stirr'd by thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and fruitless all—
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall;
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns!

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells;
Something that finds not its answer here—
A chain to be clasp'd in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,

Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky—
Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high!

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought;
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth.

THE ANGEL'S GREETING.

"Hark!—they whisper!—Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."
POPE.

COME to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away—
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright, and blest,
And crown'd for ever! 'Midst that shining band,
Gather'd to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother! on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rock'd thy childhood, back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy Father!—it is finish'd now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And, oh! bright victory—death by love no place:
Come, spirit, to thy God!

A FAREWELL TO WALES,

ON LEAVING THAT COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN.

For the Melody called "The Ash Grove."

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain-air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore;

And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
—Green land, poet land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies;
For thy cottage hearths burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

IMPROMPTU LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS F. A. L., ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME FLOWERS WHEN CONFINED BY ILLNESS.

Ye tell me not of birds and bees,
Not of the summer's murmuring trees,
Not of the streams and woodland bowers:—
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers!

Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,
Of one still bright, still flowing spring—
A fount of kindness ever new,
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

A PARTING SONG.

"O mes amis, rapellez-vous quelquefois mes vers! mon ame y est empreinte."—*Corinne.*

When will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away—
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime—
When ye gather its bloom as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody—
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!

Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom' tis well to be fled and gone—
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be.

WE RETURN NO MORE!*

"When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise; and the Spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to all she could not bring."
Childe Harold.

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
So comes the song to the mountain-shore,
From those that are leaving their Highland home,
For a world far over the blue sea's foam:
"We return no more!" and through cave and dell
Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er:
Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,
Where lovely things with their light depart:
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er?

* *Ha til!—ha til!—ha til mi tuille!*—"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"—the burden of the Highland song of emigration.

When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay
Hath died from the summer woods away?
When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,
Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast?

No! It is not the rose that returns no more;
A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;
And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers
With a stream of love through the starry hours;
Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
Nor the frail flush'd leaves which the wild wind strews.

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore?
Those wings that follow the southern breeze,
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm
They come with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

"But we!—we return!—we return no more!"
The heart's young dreams, when their spring is o'er;
The love it hath pour'd so freely forth—
The boundless trust in ideal worth;
The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—
These are the lost that return not again!

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffer'd!
Unto feeling deep and strong,
Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—
I know it by thy song!

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
But well—oh! but too well—
Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's breast
May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept and thou hast parted,
Thou hast been forsaken long,
Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—
I know it by thy song!

By the low clear silvery gushing
Of its music from thy breast,
By the quivering of its flute-like swell—
A sound of the heart's unrest.

By its fond and plaintive lingering
On each word of grief so long,
Oh! thou hast loved and suffer'd much—
I know it by thy song!

THE PALMER.

"The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land."
SCOTT.

ART thou come from the far-off land at last?
Thou that hast wander'd long!
Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath pass'd
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding heart
Thou wilt seek—but all are gone;
They are parted; e'en as waters part,
To meet in the deep alone!

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,
From thine eye the light of morn;
And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow,
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the distant shore
For thy wasted youth to pay?
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once more?
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way?

"I have brought but the palm-branch in my hand,
Yet I call not my bright youth lost!
I have won but high thought in the Holy Land,
Yet I count not too dear the cost!

"I look on the leaves of the deathless tree—
These records of my track;
And better than youth in its flush of glee,
Are the memories they give me back!

"They speak of toil, and of high emprise,
As in words of solemn cheer;
They speak of lonely victories
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

"They speak of scenes which have now become
Bright pictures in my breast;

Where my spirit finds a glorious home,
And the love of my heart can rest.

"The colours pass not from *these* away,
Like tints of shower or sun;
Oh! beyond all treasures that know decay,
Is the wealth my soul hath won!

"A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,
An inborn light is cast;
For the sake of the palm from the holy shrine,
I bewail not my bright days past!"

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!"

TO THE NEW-BORN.*

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many hopes and fears!
A rainbow-welcome thine hath been, of mingled smiles and tears.
Thy father greets thee unto life with a full and chasten'd heart,
For a solemn gift from God thou com'st, all precious as thou art!

* Addressed to the child of her eldest brother.

I see thee not asleep, fair boy! upon thy mother's breast,
Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy rosy rest;
And how her soul with love, and prayer, and gladness, will o'erflow,
While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd eyes, thou dear one! well I know.

A blessing on thy gentle head! and bless'd thou *art* in truth,
For a home where God is felt awaits thy childhood and thy youth:
Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell as light and air,
And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs now folded there.

Smile on thy mother! while she feels that unto her is given,
In that young day-spring glance, the pledge of a soul to rear for heaven!
Smile! and sweet peace be o'er thy sleep, joy o'er thy wakening shed!
Blessings and blessings evermore, fair boy! upon thy head!

THE DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS.

SHE came forth in her bridal-robes array'd,
And 'midst the graceful statues, round the hall
Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,
Stood pale yet proudly beautiful as they:
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like gleam
Of jewels trembling from her braided hair,
And *death* upon her brow!—but glorious death!
Her own heart's choice, the token and the seal
Of love, o'ermastering love; which, till that hour,
Almost an anguish in the brooding weight
Of its unutterable tenderness,
Had burden'd her full soul. But now, oh! now,
Its time was come—and from the spirit's depths,
The passion and the mighty melody
Of its immortal voice in triumph broke,
Like a strong rushing wind!

The soft pure air
Came floating through that hall—the Grecian air,
Laden with music—flute-notes from the vales,
Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds of life
And the glad sunshine of the golden clime
Stream'd, as a royal mantle, round her form—
The glorified of love! But she—she look'd
Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to die,
Deep—deepest, holiest joy! Or if a thought
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented breeze,
And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the tide
Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a thought

That own'd the summer loveliness of life
For *him* a worthy offering! So she stood,
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced awhile;
Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame
With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,
As the pale priestess trembles to the breath
Of inborn oracles! Then flush'd her cheek,
And all the triumph, all the agony,
Borne on the battling waves of love and death,
All from her woman's heart, in sudden song,
Burst like a fount of fire.

"I go, I go!
Thou sun! thou golden sun! I go
Far from thy light to dwell:
Thou shalt not find my place below,
Dim is that world—bright sun of Greece, farewell!

"The laurel and the glorious rose
Thy glad beam yet may see;
But where no purple summer glows,
O'er the dark wave *I* haste from them and thee.

"Yet doth my spirit faint to part?
—I mourn thee not, O sun!
Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart:
Sing me triumphal songs!—my crown is won!

"Let not a voice of weeping rise—
My heart is girt with power!
Let the green earth and festal skies
Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing hour!

"For thee, for *thee*, my bosom's lord!
Thee, my soul's loved! I die;
Thine is the torch of life restored,
Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory!

"Now may the boundless love, that lay
Unfathom'd still before,
In one consuming burst find way—
In one bright flood all, all its riches pour!

"Thou know'st, thou know'st what love is *now!*
Its glory and its might—
Are they not written on my brow?
And will that image ever quit thy sight?

"No! deathless in thy faithful breast,
There shall my memory keep
Its own bright altar-place of rest,
While o'er my grave the cypress branches weep.

"Oh, the glad light!—the light is fair,
The soft breeze warm and free;
And rich notes fill the scented air,
And all are gifts—*my* love's last gifts to thee!

"Take me to thy warm heart once more!
Night falls—my pulse beats low:
Seek not to quicken, to restore—
Joy is in every pang. I go, I go!

"I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
I meet thy fond look still;

Keen is the strife of love and death ;
Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.

"Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,
Though mists o'ershade mine eye !—
Sing, Pæan ! sing a conqueror's song !
For thee, for *thee,* my spirit's lord, I die ! "

THE HOME OF LOVE.

Thou mov'st in visions, Love ! Around thy way,
E'en through this world's rough path and changeful day,
For ever floats a gleam—
Not from the realms of moonlight or the morn,
But thine own soul's illumined chambers born—
The colouring of a dream !

Love, shall I read thy dream ? Oh ! is it not
All of some sheltering wood-embosom'd spot—
A bower for thee and thine ?
Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ; yet there
Something of heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies,
Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some blessed isle ;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have there
A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said *farewell!*—where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day;
Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill:
There wouldst thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind the immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour;
Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise;
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Of spirits, not to be disjoin'd by death,
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that angel-home;

There should thy slumbers be
Weigh'd down with honey-dew, serenely bless'd,
Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took rest
Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love! thou passionate in joy and woe!
And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below—
Here, where bright things must die?
O thou! that, wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,
Still round thy precious things;
Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense imbued,
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill:
Oh! canst *thou* dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou mighty and thou weak!
Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break—
As a flame, tempest-sway'd!
He that sits calm on high is yet the source
Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course,
He that great deep hath made!

Will He not pity ?—He whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony ?—
Oh ! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with *Him* that bower of blessedness.
Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

" La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'etais nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres ; dans l'etriote enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposies par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs."—MADAME ROLAND.

COME, let me make a sunny realm around thee
Of thought and beauty ! Here are books and flowers
With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound thee—
The ravell'd coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,
Even as the odour in the flower enshrined ;
Here the crown'd spirits of departed ages
Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and change, and anguish,
For some high place where faith her wing might rest,

Are burning here—a flame that may not languish—
Still pointing upward to that bright hill's crest!

Their grief, the veil'd infinity exploring
For treasures lost, is here;—their boundless love,
Its mighty streams of gentleness outpouring
On all things round, and clasping all above.

And the bright beings, their own heart's creations,
Bright, yet all human, here are breathing still;
Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations
Are here, and victories of prevailing will!

Listen, oh, listen! let their high words cheer thee!
Their swan-like music ringing through all woes;
Let my voice bring their holy influence near thee—
The Elysian air of their divine repose!

Or wouldst thou turn to earth? *Not* earth all furrow'd
By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world that never sorrow'd,
The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air!

Look on these flowers! as o'er an altar shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from coloured urns!
They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,
Fresh banks of many a low-voiced hidden stream,
Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles
Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,
Covering the turf with flowery blossom-showers:
Too richly dower'd, O friend! are *we* for sadness—
Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!

FOR A PICTURE OF ST CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS.

"How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!
—Waft her to glory, winged powers,
Ere sorrow be renew'd,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!"

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,
Wear yet so deep a calm? Oh, child of song!
Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?
Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?
Low haunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear?

No, not to thee! *Thy* spirit, meek, yet queenly,
On its own starry height, beyond all this,
Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,
Breathes no faint under-tone thro' songs of bliss.

Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies!

Bright guests ! even such as left of yore their dwelling
For the deep cedar-shades of Paradise !

What strain ? Oh ! not the nightingale's, when, showering
Her own heart's life-drops on the burning lay,
She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
And pours her strength, but not her grief, away :

And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely billows,
He wakes the Alpine notes his mother sung,
Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,
Where, murmuring to the wind, his harp is hung :

And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts be holy,
And sweet his avè-song when day grows dim ;
Yet, as he journeys, pensively and slowly,
Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.

But thou !—the spirit which at eve is filling
All the hush'd air and reverential sky,
Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rapture thrilling,
This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings of devotion,
Wherein the currents of thy heart gush free ;
Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion
Is the dream-haunted music-land for *thee.*

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKE'S.

DARK chieftain of the heath and height!
Wild feaster on the hills by night!
See'st thou the stormy sunset's glow
Flung back by glancing spears below?
Now for one strife of stern despair!
The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood;
And in whose dreams a moan should be,
Not of the water, nor the tree;
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—
Yet shall thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain-bands!
She will not shrink in doubt and dread
When the balls whistle round thy head:
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
No longer may to hers reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her form and face;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,
Hath perish'd in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall—
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast
Of lovely ones to be the last;
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh! not wholly lost the heart
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong;
Yet may its depths by heaven be stirr'd,
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard!

THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S.

"All good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy."

WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee!
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?
Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat:
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng:
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim;
These are old words, that have made each grove
A dreaming haunt for romance and love—
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er:
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell;
And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriers shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

O happy child, in thy fawn-like glee,
What is remembrance or thought to thee?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
What if to droop and to perish soon?
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now!

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair;

And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part
'Midst the hidden things of each human heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child! for this?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss!
Such be thy portion!—the bliss to look,
With a reverend spirit, through nature's book;
By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the paths of a love divine;
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
God in earth's garden—and not to fear!

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

Thou hast watch'd beside the bed of death,
O fearless human Love!
Thy lip received the last, faint breath,
Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
In a low and farewell tone;
Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear—
O Love! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot
Where thou wert wont to rove;
For there the friend of thy soul is not,
Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love!

Thou wilt meet but mournful memory there ;
Her dreams in the grove she weaves,
With echoes filling the summer air,
With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,
From those dim, haunted bowers,
And shut thine ear to the wild, sweet strain
That tells of vanish'd hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart
The image of the dead ;
For the tie is rent that gave thee part
In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more
That thus can life outlast :
All between parted souls is o'er.—
Love ! Love ! forget the past ?

" Voice of vain boding ! away, be still !
Strive not against the faith
That yet my bosom with light can fill,
Unquench'd, and undimm'd by death.

" From the pictured smile I will not turn,
Though sadly now it shine ;
Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn
For the step once link'd with mine ;

" Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,
Though its notes the pang renew—

Such memories deep in my heart I hold,
To keep it pure and true.

"By the holy instinct of my heart,
By the hope that bears me on,
I have still my own undying part
In the deep affection gone.

"By the presence that about me seems
Through night and day to dwell,
Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams!
I have breathed no *last* farewell!"

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

[Suggested by a picture in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps!—but not the free and sunny sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies:
Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,
Yet, ere it sank upon her shadow'd eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept
Her soul's meek stillness—she had pray'd and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead!
That unto her bequeathed a mournful home,
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled;
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours:
These things are past—a spiritual gleam,
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years
In those pure aspects may no more be read,
Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—and the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed,
Are all effaced. There earth hath left no sign
Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But oh! more soft, more tender—breathing more
A thought of pity, than in vanish'd days!
While, hovering silently and brightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze
With their immortal eyes, that seem to say,
"Yet, sister! yet we love thee—come away!"

'Twill fade, the radiant dream! And will she not
Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,
Her task more sad, when those bright shadows part?
And the green summer after them look dim,
And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn?

But let her hope be strong, and let the dead
Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still;
Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread
Yet round the place they never more may fill!

All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

[These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott, at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigour of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.]

HOME of the gifted! fare-thee-well,
And a blessing on thee rest!
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moor and mountain-crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And braes with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering-cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway
As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood, still
May thy free sward be prest!
While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

[This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs Lawrence of Wavertree Hall. It represents the "Hero's Child" of Campbell's Poem, seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects. A bow and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wildflowers of the desert.]

"I fled the home of grief
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall;
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould."

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies,
The weight of omens heavy in the cloud:—
Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
And gird the form whose beauty grief hath bow'd,

And leave the tomb, as tombs are left—alone,
To the star's vigil, and the wind's wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is pour'd ;
Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,
And soul seems gushing from the harp's full chord ;
And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
Than the sad *Love lies bleeding* of the grave.

Oh ! little know'st thou of th' o'ermastering spell,
Wherewith love binds the spirit, strong in pain,
To the spot hallow'd by a wild farewell,
A parting agony,—intense, yet vain,
A look—and darkness when its gleam hath flown,
A voice—and silence when its words are gone !

She hears thee not : her full, deep, fervent heart
Is set in her dark eyes ;—and *they* are bound
Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,
Where faithful blood hath sanctified the ground ;
And love with death striven long by tear and prayer,
And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
A light, a joy, of its own wanderings born ;
Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
Back, back her lost one comes in hues of morn ! *

* " A son of light, a lovely form,
He comes, and makes her glad."
CAMPBELL.

For her the gulf is fill'd—the dark night fled,
Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse high
All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong.
Oh ! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
And more forlorn, amidst the world's gay throng,
Than hers—the queen of that majestic gloom,
The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb !

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

O SUNSHINE and fair earth !
Sweet is your kindly mirth ;
Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay !
Too sad it is to part,
Thus in my spring of heart,
With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf
Touches no chord of grief,
No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :
Not one triumphal tone,
One hue of hope, is gone
From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.

Death, Death ! ere yet decay,
Call me not hence away !
Over the golden hours no shade is thrown ;
The poesy that dwells
Deep in green woods and dells
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death!
Not for the vernal breath
Of winds that shake forth music from the trees:
Not for the splendour given
To night's dark, regal heaven,
Spoiler! I ask thee not reprieve for these.

But for the happy love
Whose light, where'er I rove,
Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
Shedding on branch and flower
A rainbow-tinted shower
Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come!
Too beautiful is home—
A home of gentle voices and kind eyes!
And I the loved of all,
On whom fond blessings fall
From every lip. Oh! wilt thou rend such ties?

Sweet sisters! weave a chain
My spirit to detain:
Hold me to earth with strong affection back;
Bind me with mighty love
Unto the stream, the grove,
Our daily paths—our life's familiar track.

Stay with me! gird me round!
Your voices bear a sound
Of hope—a light comes with you and departs;

Hush my soul's boding swell,
That murmurs of farewell.
How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts?

Death! grave!—and are there those
That woo your dark repose
'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth?
Surely about them lies
No world of loving eyes.
Leave me, oh! leave me unto home and hearth!

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

Thou art welcome, O thou warning voice!
My soul hath pined for thee;
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore
To wanderer on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs;
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth! Since kindred steps
From its green paths are fled,
A dimness and a hush have lain
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the unanswering soul
Is on me and around;
My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,
Thou still, small, warning sound!

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard;
Sweet household name by name hath changed
To grief's forbidden word!
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed;
And waken to my own wild cry—
"Where are ye, my beloved?"

Ye left me! and earth's flowers were dim
With records of the past;
And stars pour'd down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast.
Birds will not sing as once they sung,
When ye were at my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Which I heard not till ye died!

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner!
Why should the last remain?
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
Bearing in light again?
E'en could this be, too much of fear
O'er love would now be thrown.—
Away! away! from time, from change,
Once more to meet my own!

THE VICTOR.

" De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rien qui t'aime? "
LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death!
Ye are the strong in this world of ours;
Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell 'midst the flowers,
—Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the fearless, the crown'd, the free,
The strength of the battle is given to thee—
The spirit from above!

Thou hast look'd on Death, and smiled!
Thou hast borne up the reed-like and fragile form
Thro' the waves of the fight, thro' the rush of the storm,
On field, and flood, and wild!

No!—*Thou* art the victor, Death!
Thou comest, and where is that which spoke,
From the depths of the eye, when the spirit woke?
—Gone with the fleeting breath!

Thou comest—and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves—yet answers the burning thought
Of the spirit lone and reft?

Silence is where thou art!
Silently there must kindred meet,

No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet,
No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still;
But the fiery thought and the lofty will
Are not for him to chain!

They shall soar his might above!
And thus with the root whence affection springs,
Though buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love!

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT ROSANNA.*

Oh! lightly tread through these deep chestnut-bowers,
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty moved!
And touch with reverent hand these leaves and flowers—
Fair things, which well a gentle heart hath loved!
A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,
Whence the bright stream of song in tear-drops flow'd.

* A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow, formerly the abode of the authoress of "Psyche."

And bid its memory sanctify the scene!
And let th' ideal presence of the dead
Float round, and touch the woods with softer green,
And o'er the streams a charm, like moonlight, shed,
Through the soul's depths in holy silence felt—
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt!

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF A RECENT SHIPWRECK.

"How perfect was the calm! It seem'd no sleep,
No mood which season takes away or brings;
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.
. . . . . .
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne."

WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves
That now in sunshine sweep!
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the solemn deep!

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to heaven?

Then the sea's voice arose,
Like an earthquake's under-tone:
"Mortal! the strife of human woes
Where hath *not* nature known?

"Here to the quivering mast
Despair hath wildly clung;
The shriek upon the wind hath pass'd,
The midnight sky hath rung.

"And the youthful and the brave,
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down.

"They are vanish'd from their place—
Let their homes and hearths make moan!
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone."

Alas! thou haughty deep!
The strong, the sounding far!
My heart before thee dies—I weep
To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and mind,
Even as the breath-stain from the glass,
Leaving no sign behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main?
Thou and the midnight sky?
Nought save the struggle, brief and vain,
The parting agony!

And the sea's voice replied:
"Here nobler things have been!

Power, with the valiant when they died,
To sanctify the scene:

"Courage, in fragile form,
Faith, trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro' the storm:
But all alike have pass'd."

Sound on, thou haughty sea!
These have not pass'd in vain;
My soul awakes, my hope springs free
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
May'st vanish with thy powers;
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."
MOORE.

SEE'ST thou yon grey, gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:

Ever there ;—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.
Guests come thither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart ;
Children, with sweet visions blest,
In the haunted chambers rest ;
One alone unslumbering lies
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

See'st thou where the woodbine flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers ?
Startling faces of the dead,
Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
There still meet !
Some with young, smooth foreheads fair,
Faintly shining through bright hair ;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago !
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and banner'd aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the while ;
Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
Are those sounds and visions known ?

Wherefore hath that spell of power
Dark and dread,
On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed?
Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,
No strange gift of mystery lies!
She is lone where once she moved,
Fair, and happy, and beloved!
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her.
Now those silver chords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token—
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save her memory of their mirth.
She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
'Midst gay songs and children's play,
She is dwelling far away,
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be!

THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS.

"God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!"
COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,
And the wild-flower glens that lie
Far amidst the ancient hills,
Which the fountain-music fills;

Singing of the snow-peaks bright,
And the royal eagle's flight,
And the courage and the grace
Foster'd by the chamois-chase;
In his fetters, day by day,
So the Shepherd-poet lay.
Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell
Did those notes of freedom swell,
Breathing sadness not their own
Forth with every Alpine tone?
Wherefore!—can a tyrant's ear
Brook the mountain-winds to hear,
When each blast goes pealing by
With a song of liberty?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land;
Sounding there the waters gush'd,
While the lip of man was hush'd;
There the falcon pierced the cloud,
While the fiery heart was bow'd:
But this might not long endure,
Where the mountain-homes were pure;
And a valiant voice arose,
Thrilling all the silent snows;
His—now singing far and lone,
Where the young breeze ne'er was known;
Singing of the glad blue sky,
Wildly—and how mournfully!

Are none but the Wind and the Lammer-Geyer
To be free where the hills unto heaven aspire?

Is the soul of song from the deep glens past,
Now that their poet is chain'd at last ?—
Think of the mountains, and deem not so !
Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow !
Yes, though forbidden be every word
Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath stirr'd,
Yet even as a buried stream through earth
Rolls on to another and brighter birth,
So shall the voice that hath seem'd to die,
Burst forth with the anthem of liberty !

And another power is moving
In a bosom fondly loving :
Oh ! a sister's heart is deep,
And her spirit strong to keep
Each light link of early hours,
All sweet scents of childhood's flowers !
Thus each lay by Erni sung,
Rocks and crystal caves among,
Or beneath the linden-leaves,
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,
Rapid though as bird-notes gushing,
Transient as a wan cheek's flushing
Each in young Teresa's breast
Left its fiery words impress'd ;
Treasured there lay every line,
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,
With a pale, transparent cheek,
And a deep-fringed violet eye
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,

Or, if raised to glance above,
Dim with its own dews of love;
And a pure Madonna brow,
And a silvery voice and low,
Like the echo of a flute,
Even the last, ere all be mute.
But a loftier soul was seen
In the orphan sister's mien,
From that hour when chains defiled
Him, the high Alps' noble child.
Tones in her quivering voice awoke,
As if a harp of battle spoke;
Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's nest,
Flash'd from her soft eyes unrepress'd;
And her form, like a spreading water-flower,
When its frail cup swells with a sudden shower,
Seem'd all dilated with love and pride,
And grief for that brother, her young heart's guide.
Well might they love!—those two had grown
Orphans together and alone:
The silence of the Alpine sky
Had hush'd their hearts to piety;
The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,
Had been their altar when they pray'd;
There, more in tenderness than woe,
The stars had seen their young tears flow;
The clouds, in spirit-like descent,
Their deep thoughts by one touch had blent,
And the wild storms link'd them to each other—
How dear can peril make a brother!

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,
The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain-cot;
Away, in that holy affection's might,
The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the night.
She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,
Filling with soul every secret place,
Hath a dower from heaven, and a gift of sway,
To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,
Like the sudden flinging forth on high
Of a banner, that startleth silently!
She hath wander'd through many a hamlet-vale,
Telling its children her brother's tale;
And the strains by his spirit pour'd away,
Freely as fountains might shower their spray,
From her fervent lip a new life have caught,
And a power to kindle yet bolder thought;
While sometimes a melody, all her own,
Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,
May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks to flow,
Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet low.

"Thou'rt not where wild-flowers wave
O'er crag and sparry cave;
Thou'rt not where pines are sounding,
Or joyous torrents bounding—
Alas, my brother!

"Thou'rt not where green, on high!
The brighter pastures lie;
Ev'n those, thine old wild places,
Bear of our chain dark traces:
Alas, my brother!

"Far hath the sunbeam spread,
Nor found thy lonely bed;
Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,
Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—
Alas, my brother!

"Thou, that for joy wert born,
Free as the wings of morn!
Will aught thy young life cherish,
Where the Alpine rose would perish?—
Alas, my brother!

"Canst thou be singing still,
As once on every hill?
Is not thy soul forsaken,
And the bright gift from thee taken?—
Alas, alas, my brother!"

And *was* the bright gift from the captive fled?
Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead?
Not so!—but as rooted in stillness deep,
The pure stream-lily its place will keep,
Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,
While the red waves rush down the foaming river;
So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,
Trembling, yet not to be borne away!
He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,
And felt that his country no chains might bear;
He thought of the hunter's haughty life,
And knew there must yet be noble strife.
But, oh! when he thought of that orphan maid,
His high heart melted—he wept and pray'd!

For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,
A wakener of heroes in every glen,
With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,
Bearing on hope like a torch's flame;
While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs
Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs.
But his dreams were fill'd by a haunting tone,
Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;
And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye,
Which look'd on it—oh! how beseechingly!
And there floated past him a fragile form,
With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm;
Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove
In vain with its burden of helpless love!
Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—
There flash'd thro' his dungeon a swift strong light;
He sprang up—he climb'd to the grating-bars.
—It was not the rising of moon or stars,
But a signal-flame from a peak of snow,
Rock'd through the dark skies to and fro!
There shot forth another—another still—
A hundred answers of hill to hill!
Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,
And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,
For the high Alps waving their banners out!
Erni, young Erni! the land hath risen!—
Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!
Those free streamers glancing, and thou not there!
—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair?
Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,
At the gates of the mountain citadel!

Hark! a clear voice through the rude sounds ringing!
Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet singing?

"There may not long be fetters,
Where the cloud is earth's array,
And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,
Like a hunter on the prey!

"There may not long be fetters,
Where the white Alps have their towers;
Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,
The chain is not for ours!"

It is she! She is come like a dayspring beam,
She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream!
With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,
She is come! her tears on his cheek are warm;
And oh! the thrill in that weeping voice!
"My brother, my brother! come forth, rejoice!"

Poet! the land of thy love is free,—
Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

——— "How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate
To oldest time! And reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—One
Among the many there."

WORDSWORTH.

Mountain winds! oh, whither do ye call me?
Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
Chains of care to lower earth enthrall me,
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are borne on high?
Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,
In our hearts would haunting memories die?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone!
Never from those rocky halls came swelling
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free;
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion
Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
All things breathe of power and stern dominion—
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been that so we pine?
Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,
Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers!
At whose tone my heart within me burns;

Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns!

There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret;
There the wings of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the wing'd are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your falling!
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be;
Hush! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free!

THE PROCESSION.

"'The peace which passeth all understanding,' disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed moonlight."—COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of many feet,
And music rush'd through the crowded street:
Proud music, such as tells the sky
Of a chief return'd from victory.

There were banners to the winds unroll'd,
With haughty words on each blazon'd fold;
High battle-names, which had rung of yore
When lances clash'd on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,
There were flowers of the woods on the pathway strown;

And wheels that crush'd as they swept along;—
Oh! what doth the violet amidst the throng?

I saw where a bright procession pass'd
The gates of a minster old and vast;
And a king to his crowning-place was led,
Through a sculptured line of the warrior-dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,
And the colour'd light, that wrapp'd them all,
Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine eye
Away from th' ancestral pageantry—
A grave by the lordly minster's gate,
Unhonour'd, and yet not desolate.

It was but a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head;
But Love—oh, lovelier than all beside!—
That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,
Young—but how sorrowfully fair!
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,
That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,
And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek;
And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of love,
That her sad heart's treasure was all above.

For alone she seem'd midst the throng to be,
Like a bird of the waves far away at sea;
Alone, in a mourner's vest arrayed,
And with folded hands, e'en as if she pray'd.

It faded before me, that mask of pride,
The haughty swell of the music died;
Banner, and armour, and tossing plume,
All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy grace,
And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm face,
Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night-hour glide,
—Oh! Love is lovelier than all beside.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

"When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet sounds are remember'd not;
When the words are spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute."

SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured walls;
But a glow of beauty like her own,
There had no dream of the painter thrown.

Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow ;
Her young, clear cheek, had a changeful hue,
As if you might see how the soul wrought through,
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was ! From her childhood's years
A being of sudden smiles and tears—
Passionate visions, quick light and shade—
Such was that high-born Italian maid !
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,
Or as the sounds in Æolian strings,
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings ;
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,
Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
In the city's hour of moonlight glee—
Oft would that gift of the southern sky
O'erflow from her lips in melody ;
Oft amid festal halls it came,
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone
Of her inspiration was heard alone.
And fame went with her, the bright, the crown'd,
And music floated her steps around ;
And every lay of her soul was borne
Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,
With a power so deep in her youthful breast ?

Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye
So many changes and dreams went by?
And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought
As if but born from the rush of thought?
Yes! in the brightness of joy awhile
She moved as a bark in the sunbeam's smile;
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
All, all on a happy love was pour'd!
How loves a heart whence the stream of song
Flows, like the life-blood, quick, bright, and strong?
How loves a heart which hath never proved
One breath of the world? Even so she loved!
Bless'd, though the lord of her soul, afar,
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,
Bearing the flag of St Mark's on high,
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
Proud music breathed in her song, when fame
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name;
And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Othman host,
In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn
For the day of triumph and return!
The day is come! the flashing deep
Foams where the galleys of victory sweep;
And the sceptred city of the wave
With her festal splendour greets the brave;
Cymbal, and clarion, and voice, around,
Make the air one stream of exulting sound;
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,
Robed for her warrior's festival,
Moving a queen 'midst the radiant throng,
Was she, th' inspired one, the maid of song!
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore;
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—
So came that being of hope and light!
—One moment, Erminia! one moment more,
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er!
The bark of her lover hath touch'd the strand—
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand?
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace
Accorded well with the Grecian face,
And the eye, in its clear, soft darkness meek,
And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek;
And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride!

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,
Struck by the lightning of swift despair?
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood;
And there came from her quivering lip no word,
Only the fall of her lute was heard,
As it dropp'd from her hand at her rival's feet,
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth? Her day was done;
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!
The light, the vision, the gift of power,
Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,
Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring!
As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
So was her hope from its radiant height,
And her song went with it for evermore,
A gladness taken from sea and shore!
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—
Silently, silently, died her name!
Silently melted her life away,
As ye have seen a young flower decay,
Or a lamp that has swiftly burn'd, expire,
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

"How weeps yon gallant band
O'er him their valour could not save!
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand."

WILSON.

In the shadow of the pyramid
Our brother's grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky above us
Was darkening into night,
And the Arab watching silently
Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river
Came hollow and profound,
And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,
Rock'd with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid
Hung o'er the grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother
Were borne to knightly tombs,
With torchlight and with anthem-note,
And many waving plumes ;

But he, the last and noblest
Of that high Norman race,
With a few brief words of soldier-love
Was gather'd to his place ;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his youthful form we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

But let him, let him slumber
By the old Egyptian wave!
It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsullied to the grave!

When brightest names are breathed on,
When loftiest fall so fast,
We would not call our brother back
On dark days to be cast,—

From the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

"Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?"
BYRON.

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny skies,
Born where the rose hath richest dyes;
To thee a southern heart hath given
That glow of love, that calm of heaven,
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills
The haunted air of Roman hills,

Or where Venetian waves of yore
Heard melodies, they hear no more;
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or, haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
'Mid forests of the Apennine,
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell
Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,
Perchance thine island-chapel stood,
Where from the blue Sicilian sea
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,
And bless'd thy power to guide, to save,
Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty flow!
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,
Have gush'd from human hearts unseal'd!

Surely to thee hath woman come,
As a tired wanderer back to home!
Unveiling many a timid guest,
And treasured sorrow of her breast,
A buried love—a wasting care—
Oh! did those griefs won peace from prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?
Those thoughts, which pour'd their quenchless fire,
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,
Did they to still submission die,
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd
Before thee, 'midst the incense-cloud?
Hath the crown'd leader's bosom lone,
To thee its haughty griefs made known?
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,
And win the unconquer'd one to weep?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the vow—
The votive garland wither'd now;
Yet holy still to me thou art,
Thou that hast soothed so many a heart!
And still must blessed influence flow
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
Of rest for gentle hearts above;
Of hope, that hath its treasure there;
Of home, that knows no changeful air!
Bright form, lit up with thoughts divine,
Ave! such power be ever thine!

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love or grief,
Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hail'd thee first,
In the clear light of Eden's golden day!
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier;
Rose! colour'd now by human hope and pain;
Surely where death is not—nor change, nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower again!

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

"We colour Heaven with our own human thoughts,
Our vain aspirings, fond remembrances,
Our passionate love, that seems unto itself
An Immortality."

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven?—what dreams are thine?
Fair child, fair gladsome child?

With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
And bounding footsteps wild!

Tell me what hues the immortal shore
Can wear, my bird! to thee?
Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er
Thy glance and spirit free?

"Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright,
With long, long summer days;
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there uncheck'd, methinks, I rove,
And seek where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say with what solemn glory fraught,
Is Heaven in dreams of thine?

"Oh! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile thirst no more.

"The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here alone I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart
With my first wakening *there*.

"And borne on eagle wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft sad eye
Of spiritual gleam,
Tell me of those bright worlds on high,
How doth *thy* fond heart dream?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved, in fear, and woe—
Say what is Heaven to thee?

"Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt love's meeting hour,
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower:

"Where every sever'd wreath is bound—
Where none have heard the knell
That smites the heart with that deep sound—
Farewell—beloved, farewell!"

THE WISH.

COME to me, when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here;
When earthly chains are as a shrivell'd scroll,
Oh! let me feel thy presence! be but near!

That I may look once more
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me ;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
Where, with our treasure, we have longed to be.

Thou friend of many days !
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth !
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth ?

By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,
Or all th' adoring silence of the sky ;

By every lofty theme
Whereon, in low-toned reverence we have spoken,
By our communion in each fervent dream
That sought for realms beyond the grave a token ;

And by our tears for those
Whose loss hath touch'd our world with hues of death ;
And by the hopes that with their dust repose,
As flowers await the south-wind's vernal breath :

Come to me in that day—
The one—the sever'd from all days—O friend !
Even then, if human thought may then have sway
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :
I ask my heart if all indeed must die ;
All that of holiest feelings it hath known ?
And my heart's voice replies—Eternity !

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS

ON

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"THE collection of Mrs Hemans's Miscellaneous Poems opens with verses in honour of the *Pilgrim Fathers*. She has celebrated with solemnity and truth the circumstances which gave sublimity to the glorious scene of their landing, and their descendants cannot be but pleased to see the devotedness displayed by them introduced into poetry, and incorporated among the bright examples held up by the inventive as well as the historic muse for the admiration of mankind.

"Freedom, not licentiousness—religious freedom, not the absence of religious rites — was the object for which the Fathers came. An air of earnestness was thus originally imparted to the character of the country, and succeeding ages have not worn it away. Though it may suit the humour of moralisers to declaim against the degeneracy of the times, we believe that the country has of late years made advances in moral worth. We infer this from the more general diffusion of intelligence and the higher standard of learning; from the spirit of healthy action pervading all classes; from the diminished number of crimes; from the general security of property; from the rapid multiplication of Sabbath schools, than which no discovery of our age has been more important for the moral educa-

tion of the people; from the philanthropy which seeks for the sources of vice, and restrains it by removing its causes; from the active and compassionate benevolence, which does not allow itself to consider any class so vicious or so degraded as to have forfeited its claim to humane attention, which seeks and relieves misery wherever it is concealed, and, embracing every continent in its regard, has its messengers in the remotest regions of the world. Religious freedom is the last right which, even in our days, the inhabitants of this country would surrender. It would be easier to drive them from their houses and their lands, than to take from them the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. There is no general assertion of this right, and no energetic display of zeal in maintaining it, solely because it is menaced by no alarming danger.

"In a state of society like ours, there may be little room for the exercise of those arts, of which it is the chief aim to amuse and delight; and yet attention is by no means confined to those objects which are directly connected with the advancement of personal or public wealth. For the costly luxuries of life, and even for its elegant pleasures, there may as yet be little room, and still the morality of the nation be far from forming itself on the new system of morals devised by our political economists. There has been no age, we assert it with confidence, there has been no people, where the efforts of mind, directly connected with the preservation of elevated feeling and religious earnestness, are more valued than they are by the better part of our own community. We cannot support, or we hold it not best to support, an expensive religious establishment; but everywhere the voice of religious homage and instruction is heard. We cannot set apart large estates to give splendour to literary distinction; but you will hardly find a retired nook, where only a few families seek their shelter near each other, so destitute that the elements of knowledge are not freely taught. We cannot establish galleries for the various works of the arts of design; but the eye that can see the beauties of nature is

common with us, and the recital of deeds of high worth meets with ready listeners. The luxuries which are for display are exceedingly little known; but the highest value is set on every effort of mind connected with the investigation of truth, or the nurture of generous and elevated sentiments.

"Where the public mind had been thus formed, the poetry of Mrs Hemans was sure to find admirers. The exercise of genius, if connected with no respect for virtue, might have remained unnoticed; the theory which treats of beauty as of something independent of moral effect, is still without advocates among us. It has thus far been an undisputed axiom, that if a production is indecent or immoral, it for that very reason cannot claim to be considered beautiful.

"We do not go so far as to assert that there can be no merit in works of which the general tendency is immoral; but the merit, if there is any, does not lie in the immoral part, in the charm that is thrown round vice, but rather in an occasional gleam of better principles, in nature occasionally making her voice heard above the din of the dissolute, in the pictures of loveliness and moral truth that shine out through the darkness. Amidst all the horrors and depravity of superstition, the strange and the abominable vagaries of the human imagination, exercised on religion in heathenish ignorance, the observing mind may yet recognise the spirit that connects man with a better world. And so it is with poetry: amidst all the confusion which is manifest where the heavenly gift is under the control of a corrupted judgment, something of its native lustre will still appear. When we see the poet of transcendent genius delineating anything but the higher part of our nature; when we observe how, after borrowing fiendish colours, he describes states of mind with which devils only should have sympathy, rails at human nature in a style which spiteful misanthropy alone can approve, or gives descriptions of sensuality fit only for the revels of Comus; when we see him 'hurried down the adulterate age, adding pollutions of his own,' we can have little to say to excuse or to

justify an admiration of poetic talent, till we are reconciled to human nature and the muse by the pure lustre of better guided minds.

"In what view of the subject can it be held a proper design of poetry to render man hateful to himself? How can it delight or instruct us to see our fellow-men ranged under the two classes of designing villains and weak dupes? Or what sources of poetic inspiration are left, if all the relations of social life are held up to derision, and every generous impulse scorned as the result of deluded confidence?

"To demand that what is called *poetical justice* should be found in every performance may be unreasonable, since the events of life do not warrant us in expecting it; but we may demand what is of much more importance, *moral justice*—a consistency of character, a conformity of the mind to its career of action. It may not be inconsistent with reality, though it is with probability, that an unprincipled miscreant, governing himself in his gratifications by the narrowest selfishness, should be successful in his pursuits; but it is unnatural and false to give to such a nature any of the attributes of goodness. Vice is essentially mean and low; it has no dignity, no courage, no beauty; and while the poet can never impart to a production, tending to promote vice, the power and interest which belong to the worthy delineation of honourable actions, he can never invest a false heart with the noble qualities of a generous one. Observe in this respect the manner of the dramatic poet, who is acknowledged to have delineated the passions with the greatest fidelity. Shakespeare describes the mind as gradually sinking under the influence of the master-passion. It stamps itself on the whole soul, and obliterates all the finer traces in which humanity had written a witness of gentler qualities. Macbeth is a moral picture of terrific sublimity, and an illustration of that *moral* justice, which we contend should never be wanting. The one strong passion moulds the character, and blasts every tender sentiment. When once Othello is jealous, his judgment is gone; the selfish-

ness of Richard leads to wanton cruelty. In one of Shakespeare's tragedies, not a crime, but a fault is the foundation of the moral interest. Here too he is consistent; and the irresolution of Hamlet leaves his mind without energy, and his contending passions without terror. We might explain our views by examples from the comedies of the great dramatist, but Macbeth and Richard furnish the clearest illustration of them. And it is in such exhibitions of the power of vice to degrade, that 'gorgeous tragedy' performs her severest office, lifting up the pall which hides the ghastliness of unprincipled depravity, and showing us, where vice gains control, the features, that before may have been resplendent with loveliness, marred and despoiled of all their sweet expression.

"There can, then, be no more hideous fault in a literary work than profligacy. Levity is next in order. The disposition to trifle with topics of the highest moment, to apply the levelling principle to the emotions of the human mind, to hold up to ridicule the exalted thoughts and kindling aspirations of which human nature is capable, can at best charm those only who have failed to enter the true avenues to happiness. Such works may be popular, because the character of the public mind may for a season be corrupt. A literature consisting of such works is the greatest evil with which a nation can be cursed. National poverty is nothing in comparison, for poverty is remedied by prudent enterprise; but such works poison the life-blood of the people—the moral vigour, which alone can strive for liberty and honour. The apologists for this class of compositions, in which Voltaire and La Fontaine are the greatest masters, defend it on the ground that it is well adapted to give pleasure to minds which have been accustomed to it, and that foreigners need only a different moral education to be able to enjoy it. Now, without wasting a word on the enormity of defending what is intrinsically sensual, we reply merely on the score of effect. He who adapts his inventions to a particular state of society can please no further; he depends on circumstances for his popularity; he does not appeal to man, but to ac-

cidental habits, a fleeting state of the public mind; he is the poet, not of nature, but of a transient fashion. The attraction which comes from the strangeness or novelty of the manner is of very little value. On the most brilliant night a meteor would be followed by all eyes for a while: and why? Because it is as evanescent as bright we must gaze at once, or it will be too late. Yet the mind soon returns to the contemplation of the eternal stars which light up the heavens with enduring lustre. Any popularity obtained by gratifying a perverse taste is essentially transitory, while all that is benevolent and social—all that favours truth and goodness—is of universal and perpetual interest.

"These are but plain inferences from facts in the history of literature. The plays of Dryden were written to please an audience of a vicious taste: they may have been received with boisterous applause, but nobody likes them now, though in their form not unsuited to the stage; and as for the grossest scenes, any merit in the invention is never spoken of as compensating for their abominable coarseness. On the other hand, Milton's "Comus," though in its form entirely antiquated, has the beautiful freshness of everlasting youth, delights the ardent admirer of good poetry, and is always showing new attractions to the careful critic. And where lies this immense difference in the lasting effect of these two writers? Dryden, it is true, fell far short of Milton in poetic genius; but the true cause lies in this—virtue, which is the soul of song, is wanting in the plays of Dryden, while the poetry of Milton bears the impress of his own magnanimity.

"We are contending for no sickly morality; we would shut out the poet from the haunts of libertinism, not from the haunts of men; we would have him associate with his fellows, hold intercourse with the great minds that light up the gloom of ages, and share in the best impulses of human nature; and not, under the influence of a too delicate sensibility, treat only of the harmless flowers, and the innocent birds, and the exhilarating charm of agreeable scenery; and still less, in the spirit of a sullen misanthropy, delight

in obscure abstractions, find comfort only in solitude, and rejoice, or pretend to rejoice, chiefly in the mountains, and the ocean, and the low places of the earth. Their pursuit of moral beauty does not lead to an affected admiration, or an improper idolatry of the visible creation. The genius of the poet can impart a portion of its eloquence to the external world, and elevate creation by connecting it with moral associations. But descriptions, except of scenes where moral beings are to move, possess little interest. If landscape-painting is an inferior branch of that art, though the splendid works of Claude demand praise without measure, landscape poetry is a kind of affectation, an unnatural result of excessive refinement. Description is important, but subordinate. The external world, with all its gorgeousness and varied forms of beauty; the cataract, 'with its glory of reflected light;' the forests, as they wave in the brilliancy of early summer; the flowers, that are crowded in gardens, or waste their sweetness on the desert air; 'the noise of the hidden brook, that all night long, in the leafy months, sings its quiet tune to the sleeping woods;' the ocean, whether reposing in tranquil majesty, or tossed by the tempest; night, when the heavens are glittering with the splendour of the constellations; morning, when one perfect splendour beams in the sky, and is reflected in a thousand colours from the glittering earth, these are not the sublimest themes that awaken the energies of the muse. It is mind, and mind only, which can exhibit the highest beauty. The hymn of martyrdom, the strength by which the patriot girds himself to die, 'God's breath in the soul of man,' the unconquerable power of generous passion, the hopes and sorrows of humanity, love, devotion, and all the deep and bright springs of affection—these are higher themes, of permanent interest and exalted character.

"Here, too, we find an analogy between poetic and religious feeling. The image of God is to be sought for, not so much in the outward world as in the mind. No combination of inanimate matter can equal the sublimity and wonderful power of life. To impart organic life with the

power of reproduction, is a brighter display of Omnipotence than any arrangement of the inanimate, material world. A swarm of flies, as through their short existence they buzz and wheel in the summer's sun, offer as clear, and, to some minds, a clearer demonstration of Omnipotence, than the everlasting, but silent, courses of the planets. But moral life is the highest creation of divine power. We, at least, know and can conceive of none higher. We are, therefore, not to look for God among the rivers and the forests, nor yet among the planets and the stars, but in the hearts of men; he is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

"Those who accord with the general views which we have here maintained, will be prepared to express unqualified approbation of the literary career of Mrs Hemans. Had her writings been merely harmless, we should not have entered into an analysis of them; but the moral charm which is spread over them is so peculiar, so full of nature, and truth, and deep feeling, that her productions claim at once the praise of exquisite purity and poetic excellence. She adds the dignity of her sex to a high sense of the duties of a poet; she writes with buoyancy, yet with earnestness; her poems bear the impress of a character worthy of admiration. In the pursuit of literary renown, she never forgets what is due to feminine reserve. We perceive a mind endowed with powers to aspire, and are still further pleased to find no unsatisfied cravings, no passionate pursuit of remote objects, but high endowments, graced by contentment. There is plainly the consciousness of the various sorrow to which life is exposed, and with it the spirit of resignation. She sets before herself a clear and exalted idea of what a female writer should be, and is on the way to realise her own idea of excellence. Living in domestic retirement, in a beautiful part of Wales, it is her own feelings and her own experience which she communicates to us. We cannot illustrate our meaning better than by introducing our readers at once to Mrs Hemans herself, as she describes to us the occupations of a day:—

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

'There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water,' &c. &c.

"The poetry is here as beautiful as the scene described is quiet and pleasing. It forms an amiable picture of the occupations of a contemplative mind. The language, versification, and imagery, are of great merit, the beauties of nature described by a careful observer; the English scene is placed in happy contrast with the Eastern, and the dream of romance pleasantly disturbed by the cheerfulness of life. But we make but sorry work at commenting on what the reader must feel."

. . . . . .

"It has been said that religion can never be made a subject of interest in poetry. The position is a false one, refuted by the close alliance between poetic inspiration and sacred enthusiasm. Irreligion has certainly no place in poetry. There may have been Atheist philosophers; an Atheist poet is an impossibility. The poet may doubt and reason like Hamlet; but the moment he acquiesces in unbelief, there is an end to the magic of poetry. Imagination can no longer throw lively hues over the creation; the forests cease to be haunted; the sea, and the air, and the heavens, to teem with life. The highest interest, we think, attaches to Mrs Hemans's writings, from the spirit of Christianity which pervades them.

"The poetry of our author is tranquillising in its character, calm and serene. We beg pardon of the lovers of excitement, but we are seriously led to take notice of this quality as of a high merit. A great deal has been said of the sublimity of directing the passions; we hold it a much more difficult and a much more elevated task to restrain them: it may be sublime to ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm; but it seems to us still more sublime to appease the storm, and still the whirlwind. Virgil, no mean authority, was of this opinion. The French are reported to be particularly fond of effect and display; but we remember to have read that, even in the splendid days of

Napoleon, the simplicity of vocal music surpassed in effect the magnificence of a numerous band. It was when Napoleon was crowned Emperor in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. The Parisians, wishing to distinguish the occasion by some novel exhibition, and to produce a great effect, filled the orchestra with eighty harps, which were all struck together with unequalled skill. The fashionable world was in raptures. Presently the Pope entered, and some thirty of his singers, who came with him from Rome, received him with the powerful *Tu est Petrus* of the old-fashioned Scarlatti; and the simple majesty of the air, assisted by no instruments, annihilated in a moment the whole effect of the preceding fanfaronade. And in literature the public taste seems to us already weary of those productions which aim at astonishing and producing a great effect, and there is now an opportunity of pleasing by the serenity of contemplative excellence.

"It is the high praise of Mrs Hemans's poetry that it is feminine. The sex may well be pleased with her productions, for they could hardly have a better representative in the career of letters. All her works seem to come from the heart—to be natural and true. The poet can give us nothing but the form under which the objects he describes present themselves to his own mind. That form must be noble, or it is not worthy of our consideration; it must be consistent, or it will fail to be true. Now, in the writings of Mrs Hemans, we are shown how life and its concerns appear to woman, and hear a mother intrusting to verse her experience and observation. So, in "The Hebrew Mother," 'the spring-tide of nature' swells high as she parts from her son, on devoting him to the service of the temple :—

"'Alas, my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"'And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away?

While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

" 'I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

" 'Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks—
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength.—Farewell!'

"The same high feeling of maternal duty and love inspires the little poem, 'The Wreck,' which every one has read. 'The Lady of the Castle,' 'The Grave of Körner,' 'The Graves of a Household,' are all on domestic subjects. But why do we allude to poems which are in every one's hands? The mother's voice breaks out again in the piece entitled 'Elysium.' Children, according to the heathen mythology, were banished to the infernal regions, and religious faith had no consolation for a mourning parent.

" 'Calm on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay;
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert *thou*
To her who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

" 'Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone
Like the Spring's wakening! But that light was past—
Where went the dewdrop, swept before the blast?

" 'Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!—
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

" 'For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls—the shades o'erhang their way;
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps! till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

" 'And the world knows not then—
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled!
Yet these are they, that on the souls of men
Come back when night her folding veil hath spread,
The long-remember'd dead!
But not with *thee* might aught save glory dwell—
Fade, fade away, thou shore of Asphodel!'

"And the same feelings of a woman and mother dictated 'The Evening Prayer at a Girl's School,' a poem which merits to be considered in connection with Gray's 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.'

" 'Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts!—though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer heaven of those clear eyes.'

"Of other spirited, and lively, and pathetic short poems of Mrs Hemans, which form some of the brightest ornaments of the lyric poetry of the language, we take no particular notice—for in what part of the United States are they not known? So general has been the attention to those of her pieces adapted to the purposes of a newspaper, we hardly fear to assert that throughout a great part of this country there is not a family of the middling class in which some of them have not been read. The praise which was not sparingly bestowed upon her, when her shorter productions first became generally known among us, has been often repeated on a careful examination of her works; and could we hope that our remarks might one day fall under her eye, we should hope she would not be indifferent to the good wishes which are offered her in America, but feel herself cheered and encouraged in her efforts by the prospect of an enlarged and almost unlimited field of useful influence, opened to her among the descend-

ants of her country in an independent land. The ocean divides us from the fashions as well as the commotions of Europe. The voice of America, deciding on the literature of England, resembles the voice of posterity more nearly than anything else that is contemporaneous can do. We believe that the general attention which has been given to Mrs Hemans's works among us, may be regarded as a pledge that they will not be received with indifference by posterity."—PROFESSOR NORTON, in *North American Review.*

In the preceding volume we gave the opinions of one of our most celebrated Cisatlantic critics regarding the poetry of Mrs Hemans, and we think it but right in this to show the general estimate in which her genius is held in America, as evidenced by the *North American Review*, the best known and most widely circulated of the Transatlantic periodicals.

Judging from the state of feeling in America—from the ideas of practical philosophy entertained there, and from the pervading utilitarian bias of its prose literature—we must confess that, had we been asked to name any votary of the British muse more likely than another to be appreciated in that country, we should have had very little hesitation in fixing upon Crabbe. And why? Because his poetry is characterised by a stern adherence to the realities of life, as contradistinguished from romance, and because his characters and situations are taken from existing aspects of society, appreciable by all. In this theory it appears we are wrong; and Professor Norton has here done his best to account for it. We are most given to admire what is least attainable; and so, therefore, it is that the spiritual glow which Mrs Hemans has blent with human sentiment—the imaginative beauty with which she has clothed "the shows of earth and heaven"—and the tone of romance which she has mingled up with the communications of daily life, have, as *lucus a non lucendo*, been the elements of, and not the impediments to, her American popularity. Δ

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB,

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY. *

"Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting, slighted thing;
There in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring."

MRS TIGHE'S *Poem on the Lily.*

I STOOD where the lip of song lay low,
Where the dust had gather'd on Beauty's brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
Of deep affections that inly wrought,
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear—
They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wings,
No burden of mortal sufferings.

* See the "Grave of a Poetess," in the *Records of Woman*, on the same subject, and written several years previously to visiting the scene.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom;
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that sever'd *thy* life and *mine*.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious things
Of love and grief, its unfathom'd springs;
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question eternity!

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the sunlight!—thou wing'd and free!
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam;
Thou hast no longings that pine for home;
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of hope deferr'd:

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
No boundless passion, is deeply shrined;
While I, as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of my soul seem'd infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me slept,
Flow'd not her song from a heart that wept?—
O Love and Song! though of Heaven your powers,
Dark is your fate in this world of ours.

Yet, ere I turn'd from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,

Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where Genius lies!

EPITAPH.

Farewell, beloved and mourn'd! we miss awhile
Thy tender gentleness of voice and smile,
And that bless'd gift of Heaven, to cheer us lent—
That thrilling touch, divinely eloquent,
Which breathed the soul of prayer, deep, fervent, high,
Through thy rich strains of sacred harmony;
Yet from those very memories there is born
A soft light, pointing to celestial morn.
Oh! bid it guide us where *thy* footsteps trod,
To meet at last "the pure in heart" with God!

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO,

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, BY COLONEL D'AGUILAR, AND PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DUBLIN, DECEMBER 1832.

Too long apart, a bright but sever'd band,
The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's fair land,
Majestic strains, but not for us, had sung,—
Moulding to melody a stranger tongue.

Brave hearts leap'd proudly to their words of power,
As a true sword bounds forth in battle's hour;
Fair eyes rain'd homage o'er the impassion'd lays,
In loving tears, more eloquent than praise;
While we, far distant, knew not, dream'd not aught
Of the high marvels by that magic wrought.

But let the barriers of the sea give way,
When mind sweeps onward with a conqueror's sway!
And let the Rhine divide high souls no more
From mingling on its old heroic shore,
Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds through many an age
Have made the Poet's own free heritage!
To us, though faintly, may a wandering tone
Of the far minstrelsy at last be known;
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the burning tear,
Have sprung to greet, must not be strangers here.
And if by one, more used on march and heath
To the shrill bugle than the muse's breath,
With a warm heart the offering hath been brought,
And in a trusting loyalty of thought
So let it be received!—a soldier's hand
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous land
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this fair clime,
Since Tara heard the harp of ancient time,
Hath song held empire; then, if not with *fame*,
Let the green isle with kindness bless his aim,
The joy, the power, of kindred song to spread,
Where once that harp "the soul of music shed!"

TO GIULIO REGONDI,

THE BOY GUITARIST.

BLESSING and love be round thee still, fair boy!
Never may suffering wake a deeper tone
Than genius now, in its first fearless joy,
Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
Thy fairy touch! Oh! may'st thou ne'er be taught
The power whose fountain is in troubled thought!

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
A dower more precious e'en than genius lies—
A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow!
God, who hath graced thee thus, O, gentle child,
Keep 'midst the world thy brightness undefiled!

O YE HOURS.

O YE hours! ye sunny hours!
Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours and blue sky?

"Yes, we come, again we come,
Through the wood-paths free;
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!
Are ye wafting song?

Doth wild music stream in showers
All the groves among?

"Yes, the nightingale is there
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!
In your silent flow,
Ye are mighty, mighty powers!
Bring ye bless or woe?

"Ask not this—oh! seek not this!
Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heavens' bright smile.

"Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers!
We are come with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours!

THE FREED BIRD.

RETURN, return, my bird!
I have dress'd thy cage with flowers;
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er;

Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high;
The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer;
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas! my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?—
Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
Sigh'd for wild-flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright;
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wildwood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

" My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and the breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar away !"

Farewell—farewell, then, bird !
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd, like *thee*, to part—
Like thee, that wert all my own !

" If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love may guard them, they joy'd to be free ;
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour !

" Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven !
Farewell !—with my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more !"

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.*

" Thou falcon-hearted dove."
COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall
Waved free its lily-flowers.

* Queen of St Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed

Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
The wine-cup round to send,
For each that touch'd it silently,
Then miss'd a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguer'd wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrill'd in a woman's form:

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.

to her, that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and by her heroic words so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen!
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,
And with banners curtain'd o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore!—

For the bright queen of St Louis,
The star of court and hall!—
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the tempest's call!
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppress'd,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rush'd through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye,—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights
From the bands of Italy!"*

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang,
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quail'd before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from th' imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
Through the din of arms around,
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,

* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep :
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it *these* your hearts would yield
To the godless infidel!

"Then bring me here a breastplate
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die!
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within mine arms to death
Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
The princely babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
To perish undefiled—
A woman and a queen, to guard
Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrill'd, like leaves
When winds are in the wood ;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gather'd round the helpless One,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee!
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be!
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast,
Rest—we will guard thee well!
St Dennis for the Lily-flower,
And the Christian citadel!"

TO CAROLINE.

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,
And thy soft voice, low and clear;
When thy glancing eyes I meet,
In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
For a path by care unworn!
Thou must be a shelter'd flower,
With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah! fair child, not e'en for thee
May this lot of brightness be;
Yet, if grief must add a tone
To thine accents now unknown;
If within that cloudless eye
Sadder thought must one day lie,
Still, I trust the signs which tell
On thy life a light shall dwell,
Light—thy spirit's own,
From *within* around thee thrown.

THE WANDERER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT VON LUBECK.

"Ich komme vom Gebirge, herr," &c.

I COME down from the hills alone;
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan;
I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where?*

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,
And flowers are pale, and life is old,
And words fall soul-less on my ear—
Oh! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, land, sweet land, mine own?
Still sought for, long'd for, never known?
The land, the land of hope, of light,
Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends the green paths tread,
And where in beauty rise my dead;
The land that speaks my native speech,
The blessed land I may not reach!

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where?*
And spirit-sounds come answering this—
"*There, where thou art not, there is bliss!*"

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."—HOWITT'S *Book of the Seasons*.

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower,
Where the sound of song hath never pass'd
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For that glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply,
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread;
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

"Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its purple bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band:

"And dreams of home in a troubled tide
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of Heaven,
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above—
Of the presence felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown those wastes among
In a bless'd and gracious hour,
For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

TROUBADOUR SONG.

THEY rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
They bade no requiem flow;
What left they there to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
A helm with its white plume torn,
And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal field,
Where a chief to his rest was borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
But who hath a tomb more proud?
For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud.

SCENES AND PASSAGES FROM THE "TASSO" OF GOETHE.*

THE dramatic poem of "Tasso," though presenting no changeful pageants of many-coloured life—no combination of stirring incidents, nor conflict of tempestuous passions—is yet rich in interest for those who find—

* The first of a series of papers, to be entitled "German Studies," which the Author had proposed to herself to write. The unfinished fragment by which this is followed was the commencement of a paper in continuation of the same series.

"The still, small music of humanity,
. . . . . of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

It is a picture of the struggle between elements which never can assimilate—powers whose dominion is over spheres essentially adverse; between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of the world. Why is it that this collision is almost invariably fatal to the gentler and the holier nature? Some master-minds have, indeed, winged their way through the tumults of crowded life, like the sea-bird cleaving the storm from which its pinions come forth unstained; but there needs a celestial panoply, with which few indeed are gifted, to bear the heirs of genius not only unwounded, but unsoiled, through the battle; and too frequently the result of the poet's lingering afar from his better home has been mental degradation and untimely death. Let us not be understood as requiring for his well-being an absolute seclusion from the world and its interests. *His* nature, if the abiding-place of the true light be indeed within him, is endowed above all others with the tenderest and most widely-embracing sympathies. Not alone from "the things of the everlasting hills," from the storms or the silence of midnight skies, will he seek the grandeur and the beauty which have their central residence in a far more majestic temple. Mountains, and rivers, and mighty woods—the cathedrals of nature—these will have their part in his pictures; but their colouring and shadows will not be wholly the gift of rising or departing suns, nor of the night with all her stars; it will be a varying

suffusion from the life within, from the glowing clouds of thought and feeling, which mantle with their changeful drapery all external creation.

——— "We receive but what we give,
And in *our* life alone does nature live."

Let the poet bear into the recesses of woods and shadowy hills a heart full-fraught with the sympathies which will have been fostered by intercourse with his kind—a memory covered with the secret inscriptions which joy and sorrow fail not indelibly to write—then will the voice of every stream respond to him in tones of gladness or melancholy, accordant with those of his own soul; and he himself, by the might of feelings intensely human, may breathe the living spirit of the oracle into the resounding cavern or the whispering oak. We thus admit it essential to his high office, that the chambers of imagery in the heart of the poet must be filled with materials moulded from the sorrows, the affections, the fiery trials, and immortal longings of the human soul. Where love, and faith, and anguish, meet and contend; where the tones of prayer are wrung from the suffering spirit—*there* lie his veins of treasure; there are the sweet waters ready to flow from the stricken rock. But he will not seek them through the gaudy and hurrying masque of artificial life; he will not be the fettered Samson, to make sport for the sons and daughters of fashion. Whilst he shuns no brotherly communion with his kind, he will ever reserve to his nature the power of *self*-communion, silent hours for—

"The harvest of the quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart,"

and inviolate retreats in the depths of his being—fountains lone and still, upon which only the eye of Heaven shines down in its hallowed serenity. So have those who make us "heirs of truth and freedom by immortal lays," ever preserved the calm intellectual ether in which they live and move from the taint of worldly infection; and it appears the object of Goethe, in the work before us, to make the gifted spirit sadder and wiser by the contemplation of one which, having sold its birthright, and stooped from its "privacy of glorious light," is forced into perpetual contact with things essentially of the earth earthy. Dante has spoken of what the Italian poets must have learned but too feelingly under their protecting princes—the bitter taste of another's bread, the weary steps by which the stairs of another's house are ascended; but it is suffering of a more spiritual nature which is here portrayed. Would that the courtly patronage, at the shrine of which the Italian muse has so often waved her censer, had imposed no severer tasks upon its votaries than the fashioning of the snow statue which it required from the genius of Michael Angelo! The story of Tasso is fraught with yet deeper meaning, though it is not from the period of his most agonising trials that the materials of Goethe's work are drawn. The poet is here introduced to us as a youth at the court of Ferrara; visionary, enthusiastic, keenly alive to the splendour of the gorgeous world around him, throwing himself passionately upon the current

of every newly-excited feeling; a creature of sudden lights and shadows, of restless strivings after ideal perfection, of exultations and of agonies. Why is it that the being thus exhibited as endowed with all these trembling capacities for joy and pain—with noble aspirations and fervid eloquence—fails to excite a more reverential interest, a more tender admiration? He is wanting in dignity, in the sustaining consciousness of his own high mission; he has no city of refuge within himself, and thus—

> "Every little living nerve,
> That from bitter words doth swerve,"

has the power to shake his whole soul from its pride of place. He is thus borne down by the cold triumphant worldliness of the courtier Antonio, from the collision with whom, and the mistaken endeavour of Tasso's friends to reconcile natures dissimilar as the sylph and gnome of fanciful creations, the conflicting elements of the piece are chiefly derived. There are impressive lessons to be drawn from the contemplation of these scenes, though, perhaps, it is not quite thus that we could have wished *him* delineated who "poured his spirit over Palestine;" and it is occasionally almost too painful to behold the high-minded Tasso, recognised by his country as *superior with the sword and the pen to all men*, struggling in so ignoble an arena, and finally overpowered by so unworthy an antagonist. This world is indeed "too much with us," and but too powerful is often its withering breath upon the ethereal natures of love, devotion, and enthusiasm, which, in other regions—

" May bear bright golden flowers, but not in this soil."

Yet who has not known victorious moments, in which the lightly-armed genii of ridicule have quailed !— the conventional forms of life have shrunk as a shrivelled scroll before the Ithuriel touch of some generous feeling, some high and overshadowing passion suddenly aroused from the inmost recesses of the folded soul, and striking the electric chain which mysteriously connects all humanity ? We could have wished that some such thrilling moment had been here introduced by the mighty master of Germany ; something to relieve the too continuous impression of inherent weakness in the cause of the vanquished ; something of a transmuting power in the soul of Tasso, to glorify the clouds which accumulate around it—to turn them into " contingencies of pomp " by the interpenetration of its own celestial light. Yet we approach with reverence the work of a noble hand ; and, whilst entering upon our task of translation, we acknowledge, in humility, the feebleness of all endeayour to pour into the vase of another language the exquisitely subtle spirit of Goethe's poetry—to transplant and naturalise the delicate felicities of thought and expression by which this piece is so eminently distinguished.

The visionary rapture which takes possession of Tasso upon being crowned with laurel by the Princess Leonora d'Este, the object of an affection which the youthful poet has scarcely yet acknowledged to himself, is thus portrayed in one of the earlier scenes :—

"Let me then bear the burden of my bliss
To some deep grove, that oft hath veil'd my grief;
There let me roam in solitude: no eye
Shall then recall the triumph undeserved.
And if some shining fountain suddenly
On its clear mirror to my sight should give
The form of one who, strangely, brightly crown'd,
Seems musing in the blue reflected heaven,
As it streams down through rocks and parted trees,
Then will I dream that on the enchanted wave
I see Elysium pictured! I will ask,
Who is the bless'd departed one?—the youth
From long-past ages with his glorious wreath?
Who shall reveal his name?—who speak his worth?
Oh! that another and another there
Might press, with him to hold bright communing!
Might I but see the minstrels and the chiefs
Of the old time on that pure fountain-side
For evermore inseparably link'd
As they were link'd in life! Not steel to steel
Is bound more closely by the magnet's power
Than the same striving after lofty things
Doth bind the bard and warrior. Homer's life
Was self-forgetfulness: he pour'd it forth,
One rich libation to another's fame;
And Alexander through th' Elysian grove
To seek Achilles and his poet flies.
Might I behold their meeting!"

But he is a reed shaken with the wind. Antonio reaches the Court of Ferrara at this crisis, in all the importance of a successful negotiation with the

Vatican. He strikes down the wing of the poet's delicate imagination with the arrows of a careless irony; and Tasso is for a time completely dazzled and overpowered by the worldly science of the skilful diplomatist. The deeper wisdom of his own simplicity is yet veil'd from his eyes. Life seems to pass before him, as portrayed by the discourse of Antonio, like a mighty triumphal procession, in the exulting movements and clarion sounds of which he alone has no share; and at last the forms of beauty, peopling his own spiritual world, seem to dissolve into clouds, even into faint shadows of clouds, before the strong glare of the external world, leaving his imagination as a desolate house, whence light and music have departed. He thus pours forth, when alone with the Princess Leonora, the impressions produced upon him by Antonio's descriptions:—

"They still disturb my heart—
Still do they crowd my soul tumultuously—
The troubling images of that vast world,
Which—living, restless, fearful as it is—
Yet, at the bidding of one master-mind,
E'en as commanded by a demi-god,
Seems to fulfil its course. With eagerness,
Yea, with a strange delight, my soul drank in
The strong words of the experienced; but, alas!
The more I listen'd still the more I sank
In mine own eyes; I seem'd to die away
As into some faint echo of the rocks—
A shadowy sound—a nothing!"

There is something of a very touching beauty in the character of the Princess Leonora d'Este. She does not, indeed, resemble some of the lovely beings delineated by Shakespeare : the females, "graceful without design, and unforeseeing,"—in whom, even under the pressure of heaviest calamity, it is easy to discern the existence of the sunny and gladsome nature which would spring up with fawn-like buoyancy, were but the crushing weight withdrawn. The spirit of Leonora has been at once elevated and subdued by early trial : high thoughts, like messengers from heaven, have been its visitants in the solitude of the sick-chamber ; and looking upon life and creation, as it were, through the softening veil of remembered suffering, it has settled into such majestic loveliness as the Italian painters delight to shadow forth on the calm brow of their Madonna. Its very tenderness is self-resignation ; its inner existence serene yet sad—"a being breathing thoughtful breath." She is worshipped by the poet as his tutelary angel, and her secret affection for him might almost become that character. It has all the deep devotedness of a woman's heart, with the still purity of a seraphic guardian, taking no part in the passionate dreams of earthly happiness. She feels his genius with a reverential appreciation ; she watches over it with a religious tenderness, for ever interposing to screen its unfolding powers from every ruder breath. She rejoices in his presence as a flower filling its cup with gladness from the morning light ; yet, preferring *his* wellbeing to all earthly things, she would meekly offer up, for the knowledge of his

distant happiness, even the fulness of that only and unutterable joy. A deep feeling of woman's lot on earth—the lot of endurance and of sacrifice—seems ever present to her soul, and speaks characteristically in these lines, with which she replies to a wish of Tasso's for the return of the golden age :—

" When earth has men to reverence female *hearts*,
To know the treasure of rich truth and love,
Set deep within a high-soul'd woman's breast ;
When the remembrance of our summer prime
Keeps brightly in man's heart a holy place ;
When the keen glance that pierces through so much
Looks also tenderly through that dim veil
By time or sickness hung round drooping forms ;
When the possession, stilling every wish,
Draws not desire away to other wealth—
A brighter dayspring then for *us* may dawn,
Then may *we* solemnise our golden age."

A character thus meditative, affectionate, and self-secluding, would naturally be peculiarly sensitive to the secret intimations of coming sorrow : forebodings of evil arise in her mind from the antipathy so apparent between Tasso and Antonio ; and, after learning that the cold, keen irony of the latter has irritated the poet almost to frenzy, she thus, to her friend Leonora de Sanvitale, reproaches herself for not having listened to the monitory whispers of her soul :—

" Alas ! that we so slowly learn to heed
The secret signs and omens of the breast !

An oracle speaks low within our hearts;
Low, still, yet clear, its prophet voice forewarns
What to pursue, what shun.

. . . . . .

Yes, my whole soul misgave me silently
When he and Tasso met."

She admits to her friend the necessity for his departure from Ferrara, but thus reverts, with fondly clinging remembrance, to the time when he first became known to her :—

"Oh! mark'd and singled was the hour when first
He met mine eye!—Sickness and grief just then
Had pass'd away; from long, long suffering freed,
I lifted up my brow, and silently
Gazed upon life again.—The sunny day,
The sweet looks of my kindred, made a light
Of gladness round me, and my freshen'd heart
Drank the rich healing balm of hope once more.
Then onward through the glowing world I dared
To send my glance, and many a kind, bright shape
There beckon'd from afar. Then first the youth,
Led by a sister's hand, before me stood;
And my soul clung to him e'en then, O friend!
To cling for evermore.

Leo. Lament it not,
My princess!—to have known heaven's gifted ones
Is to have gather'd into the full soul
Inalienable wealth!

Prin. Oh! precious things—
The richly graced, the exquisite, are things
To fear, to love with trembling!—beautiful

Is the pure flame when on thy hearth it shines ;
When in the friendly torch it gives thee light,
How gracious and how calm !—but, once unchain'd,
Lo ! ruin sweeps along its fatal path ! "

She then announces her determination to make the sacrifice of his society, in which alone her being seems to find its full completion.

"Alas, dear friend ! my soul indeed is fix'd—
Let him depart ! Yet cannot I but feel
Even now the sadness of long days to come—
The cold void left me by a lost delight !
No more shall sunrise from my opening eye
Chase his bright image, glorified in dreams ;
Glad hope to see him shall no longer stir
With joyous flutterings my scarce-waken'd soul ;
And vainly, vainly, through yon garden bowers,
Amidst the dewy shadows, my first look
Shall seek his form ! How blissful was the thought
With him to share each golden evening's peace !
How grew the longing, hour by hour, to read
His spirit yet more deeply ! Day by day
How my own being, tuned to happiness,
Gave forth a voice of finer harmony !
Now is the twilight gloom around me fallen :
The festal day, the sun's magnificence,
All riches of this many-colour'd world,
What are they now ?—dim, soulless, desolate !
Veil'd in the cloud that sinks upon my heart.
Once was each day a life !—each care was mute ;
Even the low boding hush'd within the soul,
And the smooth waters of a gliding stream,

Without the rudder's aid, bore lightly on
Our fairy bark of joy!"

Her companion endeavours, but in vain, to console her.

Leon. If the kind words of friendship cannot soothe,
The still, sweet influences of this fair world
Shall win thee back unconsciously to peace.
Prin. Yes! beautiful it is! the glowing world!
So many a joy keeps flitting to and fro,
In all its paths, and ever, ever seems
One step—*but* one—removed, till our fond thirst
For the still fading fountain, step by step,
Lures to the grave!—so seldom do we find
What seem'd by Nature moulded for our love,
And for our bliss endow'd—or, *if* we find,
So seldom to our yearning hearts can hold!
That which once freely made itself our own
Bursts from us!—that which eagerly we press'd
We coldly lose! A treasure may be ours,
Only we know it not, or know, perchance,
Unconscious of its worth!"

But the dark clouds are gathering within the spirit of Tasso itself, and the devotedness of affection would in vain avert their lightnings by the sacrifice of all its own pure enjoyments. In the solitary confinement to which the Duke has sentenced him, as a punishment for his duel with Antonio, his jealous imagination, like that of the self-torturing Rousseau, pictures the whole world as arrayed in one

conspiracy against him, and he doubts even of *her* truth and gentleness whose watching thoughts are all for his welfare. The following passages affectingly mark the progress of the dark despondency which finally overwhelms him, though the concluding lines of the last are brightened by a ray of those immortal hopes, the light of which we could have desired to recognise more frequently in this deeply thoughtful work :—

PRESENTIMENT OF HIS RUIN.

"Alas! too well I feel, too true a voice
Within me whispers, that the Mighty Power
Which, on sustaining wings of strength and joy,
Bears up the healthful spirit, will but cast
Mine to the earth—will rend me utterly!——
I must away!"

ON A FRIEND'S DECLARING HERSELF UNABLE TO RECOGNISE HIM.

"Rightly thou speak'st—I am myself no more;
And yet in worth not less than I have been.
Seems this a dark, strange riddle? Yet 'tis none!
The gentle moon that gladdens thee by night,
Thine eye, thy spirit irresistibly
Winning with beams of love—mark! how it floats
Through the day's glare, a pale and powerless cloud!
I am o'ercome by the full blaze of noon;
Ye know me, and I know myself no more!"

ON BEING ADVISED TO REFRAIN FROM COMPOSITION.

"Vainly, too vainly, 'gainst the power I strive,
Which, night and day, comes rushing through my soul!
Without that pouring forth of thought and song
My life is life no more!
Wilt thou forbid the silkworm to spin on,
When hourly, with the labour'd line, he draws
Nearer to death? In vain!—the costly web
Must from his inmost being still be wrought,
Till he lies wrapp'd in his consummate shroud.
Oh! that a gracious God to us may give
The lot of that bless'd worm! to spread free wings,
And burst exultingly on brighter life,
In a new realm of sunshine!"

He is at last released, and admitted into the presence of the Princess Leonora, to take his leave of her before commencing a distant journey. Notwithstanding his previous doubts of her interest in him, he is overcome by the pitying tenderness of her manner, and breaks into a strain of passionate gratitude and enthusiasm:—

"Thou art the same pure angel, as when first
Thy radiance cross'd my path. Forgive, forgive,
If for a moment, in his blind despair,
The mortal's troubled glance hath read thee wrong!
Once more he knows thee! His expanding soul
Flows forth to worship thee for evermore,

And his full heart dissolves in tenderness:

. . . . . .

Is it false light which draws me on to thee?
Is it delirium?—Is it thought inspired,
And grasping first high truth divinely clear?
Yes? 'tis even so—the feeling which alone
Can make me bless'd on earth!"

The wildness of his ecstasy at last terrifies his gentle protectress from him; he is forsaken by all as a being lost in hopeless delusion, and, being left alone to the insulting pity of Antonio, his strength of heart is utterly subdued; he passionately bewails his weakness, and even casts down his spirit almost in wondering admiration before the calm self collectedness of his enemy, who himself seems at last almost melted by the extremity of the poet's desolation, as thus poured forth:—

"Can I then image no high-hearted man
Whose pangs and conflicts have surpass'd mine own,
That my vex'd soul might win sustaining power
From thoughts of *him*? I cannot!—all is lost!
One thing alone remains—one mournful boon—
Nature on us, her suffering children, showers
The gift of tears—the impassion'd cry of grief,
When man can bear no more;—and with *my* woe,
With mine above all others, hath been link'd
Sad music, piercing eloquence, to pour
All, all its fulness forth! To me a God
Hath given strong utterance for mine agony,
When others, in their deep despair, are mute!

. . . . . .

Thou standest calm and still, thou noble man!
I seem before thee as the troubled wave:
But oh! be thoughtful!—in thy lofty strength
Exult thou not! By nature's might alike
That rock was fix'd, that quivering wave was made
The sensitive of storm! She sends her blasts,—
The living water flies—it quakes and swells,
And bows down tremblingly with breaking foam.
Yet once that mirror gave the bright sun back
In calm transparence—once the gentle stars
Lay still upon its undulating breast!
Now the sweet peace is gone—the glory now
Departed from the wave! I know myself
No more in these dark perils, and no more
I blush to lose that knowledge. From the bark
Is wrench'd the rudder, and through all its frame
The quivering vessel groans. Beneath my feet
The rocking earth gives way—to thee I cling—
I grasp thee with mine arms. In wild despair
So doth the struggling sailor clasp the rock
Whereon he perishes!"

And thus painfully ends this celebrated drama, the catastrophe being that of the spiritual wreck within, unmingled with the terrors drawn from outward circumstances and change. The majestic lines in which Byron has embodied the thoughts of the captive Tasso, will form a fine contrast and relief to the music of despair with which Goethe's work is closed:—

"All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair,
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall;
And freed the holy sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven;
For he hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored."

ON THE "IPHIGENIA" OF GOETHE.

AN UNFINISHED FRAGMENT.

THERE is a charm of antique grace, of the majestic repose resulting from a faultless symmetry, about the whole of this composition, which inclines us to rank it as among the most consummate works of art ever achieved by the master mind of its author. The perfection of its design and finish is analogous to that of a Grecian temple, seen as the crown of some old classic height, with all its pure outlines—all the delicate proportions of its airy pillars—brought into bold relief by the golden sunshine, and against the unclouded blue of its native heavens. Complete within itself, the harmonious edifice is thus also to the mind and eye of the

beholder; they are filled, and desire no more—they even feel that more would be but incumbrance upon the fine adjustment of the well-ordered parts constituting the graceful whole. It sends no vague dreams to wander through infinity, such as are excited by a Gothic minster, where the slight pinnacles striving upward, like the free but still baffled thought of the architect—the clustering pillars and high arches imitating the bold combinations of mysterious forests—the many-branching cells, and long visionary aisles, of which waving torchlight or uncertain glimpses of the moon seem the fittest illumination—ever suggest ideas of some conception in the originally moulding mind, far more vast than the means allotted to human accomplishment—of struggling endeavour, and painfully submitted will. Akin to the spirit of such creations is that of the awful but irregular *Faust*, and other works of Goethe, in which the restless questionings, the lofty aspirations, and dark misgivings of the human soul, are perpetually called up, to "come like shadows, so depart," across the stormy splendours of the scene; and the mind is engaged in ceaseless conflict with the interminable mysteries of life. It is otherwise with the work before us: overshadowed, as it were, by the dark wings of the inflexible destiny which hovers above the children of Tantalus, the spirit of the imaginary personages, as well as of the reader, here moves acquiescently *within* the prescribed circle of events, and is seldom tempted beyond, to plunge into the abyss of general speculations upon the lot of humanity.

. . . . . .

FRAGMENTS FROM THE IPHIGENIA.

I.

JOY OF PYLADES ON HEARING HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE.

Oh, sweetest voice! Oh bless'd familiar sound
Of mother-words heard in the stranger's land!
I see the blue hills of my native shore,
The far blue hills again! those cordial tones
Before the captive bid them freshly rise
For ever welcome! Oh, by this deep joy,
Know the true son of Greece!

II.

EXCLAMATIONS OF IPHIGENIA ON SEEING HER BROTHER.

Oh, hear me! look upon me! how my heart,
After long desolation, now unfolds
Unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth!
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
On the void winds before! Oh, give me way,
Give my soul's rapture way! The eternal fount
Leaps not more brightly forth from cliff to cliff
Of high Parnassus, down the golden vale,
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,
And swells around me to a flood of bliss—
Orestes!—oh, my brother!

III.

LOT OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED BY IPHIGENIA.

Man, by the battle's hour immortalised,
May fall, yet leave his name to living song;
But of forsaken woman's countless tears,
What recks the after-world? the poet's voice
Tells nought of all the slow, sad, weary days,
And long, long nights, through which the lonely soul
Pour'd itself forth, consumed itself away,
In passionate adjurings, vain desires,
And ceaseless weepings for the early lost,
The loved and vanish'd!

IV.

LONGING OF ORESTES FOR REPOSE.

One draught from Lethe's flood! reach me one draught,
One last cool goblet fill'd with dewy peace!
Soon will the spasm of life departing leave
My bosom free! Soon shall my spirit flow
Along the deep waves of forgetfulness,
Calmly and silently! away to you,
Ye dead! Ye dwellers of the eternal cloud,
Take home the son of earth, and let him steep
His o'erworn senses in your dim repose
For evermore.

V.

CONTINUATION OF ORESTES' SOLILOQUY.

Hark! in the trembling leaves
Mysterious whispers: hark! a rushing sound
Sweeps through yon twilight depth!—e'en now they come,

They throng to greet their guest! and who are they
Rejoicing each with each in stately joy,
As a king's children gather'd for the hour
Of some high festival! Exultingly,
And kindred-like, and godlike, on they pass,
The glorious wandering shapes! aged and young,
Proud men and royal women! Lo, my race,
My sire's ancestral race!

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

I STAND upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall;
I hear my native river moan;
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the dark'ning vale
That saw my childhood's plays:
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.

But I must rule my swelling breast:
A sign is in the sky;
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear;
He tells me of the noble band
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith,
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause for which they girt themselves to death.

And I obey—I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers;
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust;
I go, and only bear away
Their old majestic name—a solemn trust!

I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God, alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp
Impregnably arise;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.

And song shall 'midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,

But the long-buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.

Then fare-thee-well, my mother's bower!
Farewell, my father's hearth!—
Perish my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode:
Spread fast, dark ivy! spread thy pall;—
I go up to the mountains with my God.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

"Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."
AKENSIDE.

LOOK from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
Pass'd o'er that old, firm sod:
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English boy!
And let thy kindling mind

Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, 'midst oak and yew!
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain:
Gaze on, my English boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free heart's blood
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd,
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English boy!
And pray, like *them*, to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land.

ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT.

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—
Through the long night I pine: the golden sun
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the spring
Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my beloved?
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red
Along the crested billows!—but in vain:
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles—
Yet thou wert faithful ever. Oh! the deep
Hath shut above thy head—that graceful head;
The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering locks;
The white sail never will bring back the loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

Where art thou?—where? Had I but lingering press'd
On thy cold lips the last long kiss—but smoothed
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been still'd
Into a voiceless grief: I would have strew'd
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful! I would have heap'd
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre,
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose:
But thou liest far away! No funeral chant,

Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine:
No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried wreck;
Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert most loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me! E'en though thy voice be changed,
My heart would know it still. Oh, speak to me!
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—
Oh yet, in some pale mead of asphodel,
We two shall meet again! Oh, I would quit
The day rejoicingly—the rosy light—
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
And sweet, familiar melodies of earth,
To dwell with thee below! Thou answerest not!
The powers whom I have call'd upon are mute:
The voices buried in old whispery caves,
And by lone river-sources, and amidst
The gloom and mystery of dark prophet-oaks,
The wood gods' haunt—they give me no reply!
All silent—heaven and earth! For evermore
From the deserted mountains thou art gone—
For ever from the melancholy groves,
Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound!
And I—I pine through all the joyous day,
Through the long night I pine—as fondly pines
The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn life
To song in moonlight woods. Thou hear'st me not!

The heavens are pitiless of human tears;
The deep sea-darkness is about thy head;
The white sail never will bring back the loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

TO THE BLUE ANEMONE.

Flower of starry clearness bright!
Quivering urn of colour'd light!
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye
From the intenseness of the sky?
From a long, long fervent gaze
Through the year's first golden days,
Up that blue and silent deep,
Where, like things of sculptured sleep,
Alabaster clouds repose,
With the sunshine on their snows?
Thither was thy heart's love turning,
Like a censer ever burning,
Till the purple heavens in thee
Set their smile, Anemone?

Or can those warm tints be caught
Each from some quick glow of thought?
So much of bright *soul* there seems
In thy bendings and thy gleams,
So much thy sweet life resembles
That which feels, and weeps, and trembles,

I could deem thee spirit-fill'd,
As a reed by music thrill'd,
When thy being I behold
To each loving breath unfold,
Or, like woman's willowy form,
Shrink before the gathering storm!
I could ask a *voice* from thee,
Delicate Anemone!

Flower! thou seem'st not born to die
With thy radiant purity,
But to melt in air away,
Mingling with the soft Spring-day,
When the crystal heavens are still,
And faint azure veils each hill,
And the lime-leaf doth not move,
Save to songs that stir the grove,
And earth all glorified is seen,
As imaged in some lake serene;
—Then thy vanishing should be,
Pure and meek, Anemone!

Flower! the laurel still may shed
Brightness round the victor's head;
And the rose in beauty's hair
Still its festal glory wear;
And the willow leaves droop o'er
Brows which love sustains no more:
But by living rays refined,
Thou, the trembler of the wind,
Thou the spiritual flower,
Sentient of each breeze and shower,

Thou, rejoicing in the skies,
And transpierced with all their dyes;
Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,
Thou the poet's type shalt be,
Flower of soul, Anemone!

THE SONG OF PENITENCE.*

UNFINISHED.

He pass'd from earth
Without his fame,—the calm, pure, starry fame
He might have won, to guide on radiantly
Full many a noble soul. He sought it not;
And e'en like brief and barren lightning pass'd
The wayward child of genius. And the songs
Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,
Had shower'd forth recklessly, as ocean-waves
Fling up their treasures mingled with dark weed,
They died before him;—they were winged seed
Scatter'd afar, and, falling on the rock
Of the world's heart, had perish'd. One alone,
One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,
The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,
Survived the vainly-gifted. In the souls
Of the kind few that loved him, with a love
Faithful to even its disappointed hope,
That song of tears found root, and by their hearths
Full oft, in low and reverential tones,

* Suggested by the late Mrs Fletcher's Story of "The Lost Life," published in the *Amulet* for 1830.

Fill'd with the piety of tenderness,
Is murmur'd to their children, when his name
On some faint harp-string of remembrance falls,
Far from the world's rude voices, far away.
Oh! hear, and judge him gently; 'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come—
To nature's arms I flee;
The green woods take their wanderer home,
But Thou, O Father! may I turn to thee?

The earliest odour of the flower,
The bird's first song is thine;
Father in heaven! my dayspring's hour
Pour'd its vain incense on another shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-loved scene
Around me faded lies;
Therefore, remembering what hath been,
I ask, is this mine early paradise?

It is, it is; but Thou art gone;
Or if the trembling shade
Breathe yet of thee, with alter'd tone
Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dismay'd.

. . . . . .

NATIONAL LYRICS.

THE THEMES OF SONG.

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith."

WORDSWORTH.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?
—Where'er, for freedom shed,
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream,
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love—deep, holy, fervent love,
Victory o'er fear and death.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
Too soon hath been struck down,
Or a bright virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling, that all around have striven
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a blessed home hath been,
That now is home no more :
A place of ivy, darkly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a wildflower wave,
A star its vigil keep.

Or where a yearning heart of old,
A dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than earthly mould
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found—
We die, we pass away;
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream
To the deep sea hath gone ;
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN."

["I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his! —the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. 'At the first gleam of the river,' he said, 'they all burst forth into the national chant, *Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*' They were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time—for each band renewed it while crossing; and even the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, '*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*'"—*Manuscript Letter.*]

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine, I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine! sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track, be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee freedom back; we bear thee freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail ! hail ! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Even as my mother's song, even as my mother's song ;
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong ! and heart and arm grew strong !

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on !—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Pour'd out by sons of thine, pour'd out by sons of thine,
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine ! like thee, victorious Rhine !

SINGLE VOICE.

Home !—Home ! Thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home, thy path is by my home :
Even now my children count the hours till meeting,
O ransom'd ones, I come ! O ransom'd ones, I come !

CHORUS.

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never !
Sound on by hearth and shrine, sound on by hearth and shrine !
Sing through the hills that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine ! lift up thy voice, O Rhine !

A SONG OF DELOS.

[The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.]

"Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau;
L'air est si parfume! la lumiere est si pure!
Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si beau!"

LAMARTINE.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
On the blue seas by Delos. From that isle,
The Sun-god's own domain, a gentle girl—
Gentle, yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
Lit with a life too perilously bright—
Was borne away to die. How beautiful
Seems this world to the dying!—but for *her*,
The child of beauty and of poesy,
And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may dream
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flash'd forth,
Or glanced more quiveringly through starry tears,
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Colour'd with loving light, she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward, as the spirit sway'd
The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves:—"Oh, linger yet!" she cried,

"Oh, linger, linger on the oar!
Oh, pause upon the deep!
That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep!
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore—
Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

"O! linger, linger on the oar
Beneath my native sky!
Let my life part from that bright shore
With day's last crimson—gazing let me die!
Thou bark, glide slowly!—slowly should be borne
The voyager that never shall return.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
Lord of the Lyre! to me;
With song and wreath from bower to bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;
While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart,
Have lain and listen'd to my beating heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
I sink to early rest;
The ray that lit the incense pyre,
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.

—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

"Bright isle! might but thine echoes keep
A tone of my farewell,
One tender accent, low and deep,
Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell!
Might my last breath send music to thy shore!
—Oh, linger, seamen! linger on the oar!"

ANCIENT GREEK CHANT OF VICTORY.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade."
BYRON.

Io! they come, they come!
Garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home;
Bring roses, pour ye wine!

Swell, swell the Dorian flute
Through the blue, triumphant sky!
Let the cittern's tone salute
The sons of victory.

With the offering of bright blood
They have ransom'd hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood;—
Io! they come, they come

Sing it where olives wave,
And by the glittering sea,

And o'er each hero's grave—
Sing, sing, the land is free!

Mark ye the flashing oars,
And the spears that light the deep
How the festal sunshine pours
Where the lords of battle sweep

Each hath brought back his shield;—
Maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,
Io! thy son is come!

Who murmur'd of the dead!
Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head
Lies in its glory low.

Breathe not those names to-day!
They shall have their praise ere long,
And a power all hearts to sway,
In ever-burning song.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,
To hail the conquerors home!
Bring wreaths for every shrine—
Io! they come, they come!

NAPLES.

A SONG OF THE SYREN.

"Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odour keen;
Where the clear Baian ocean
Welters with air-like motion
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green."
SHELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
Bright city of the waves! Her magic song
Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,
Fills thy soft summer air:—and while my glance
Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
Floats thus o'er fancy's ear, and thus to thee,
Daughter of sunshine! doth the Syren sing.

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
Thine is the laugh of the golden day—
The golden day, and the glorious night,
And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light!
—Forget, forget, that thou art not free!
Queen of the summer sea.

"Favour'd and crown'd of the earth and sky!
Thine are all voices of melody,
Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
Hark! how they melt o'er thy glittering sea—
Forget that thou art not free!

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
Let the lute answer thy fountain-falls!

And deck thy feasts with the myrtle bough,
And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
Queen of the day and the summer sea,
Forget that thou art not free!"

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
Dance to her chant. But sternly, mournfully,
O city of the deep! from Sybil grots
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
Murmuring—"*Thou art not free!*"

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

[The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitring a wood, near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice, and, calling aloud "A moi, Auvergne! ces sont les ennemis!" fell, pierced with mortal blows.]

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
The youth all cheerly pass'd;
Uncheck'd by aught of boding sound
That mutter'd in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?
—In his far home, perchance;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush! hark!—did stealing steps go by?
Came not faint whispers near?
No! the wild wind hath many a sigh
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his hand
What grasp hath wrench'd the blade?—
Oh! single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier! thou'rt betray'd!

"Silence!" in under-tones they cry—
"No whisper—not a breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death."

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
"Arm, arm, Auvergne! the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow;

And sent his dying voice through all—
"Auvergne, Auvergne! the foe!"

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

AT CAEN IN NORMANDY—1087.

["At the day appointed for the king's interment, Prince Henry, his third son, the Norman prelates, and a multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the church of St Stephen, which the Conqueror had founded. The mass had been performed, the corpse was placed on the bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric on the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed,—'He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and, in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it.' The speaker was Asceline Fitz-Arthur, who had often, but fruitlessly, sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate, the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone."—LINGARD, ii. 98.]

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing stream'd,
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And, by the torches' blaze,
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lower'd him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:—

"Forbear! forbear!" it cried,
"In the holiest name forbear!
He hath conquer'd regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there!*

"By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine;
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine;

"By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot;
Hence! with his dark renown,
Cumber our birthplace not!

"Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave?

"The tree before him fell
Which we cherish'd many a year,

But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have till'd
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes fill'd,
And it shall not give him rest!

"Each pillar's massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries."

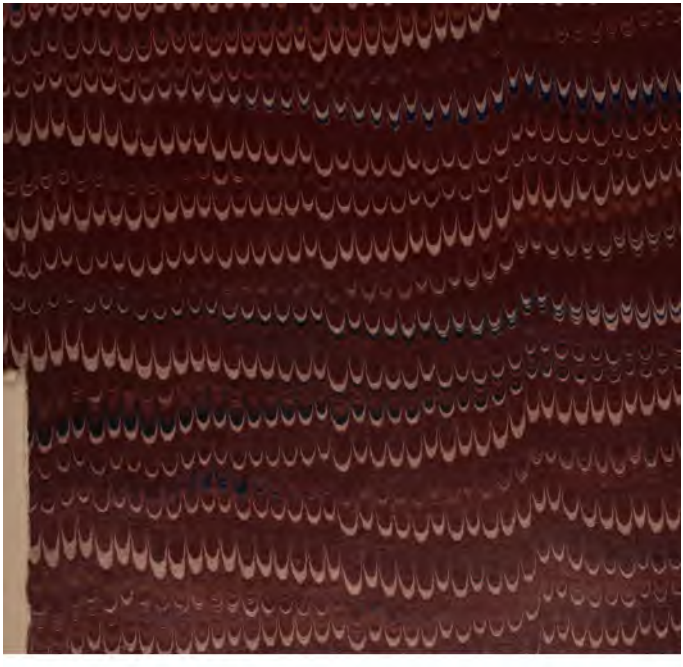
Shame glow'd on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

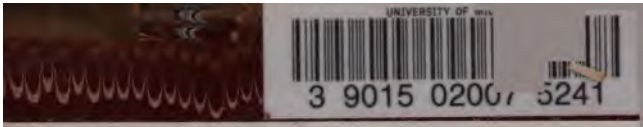
A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven:
Oh! who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven?

THE END.

Reb + bu





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